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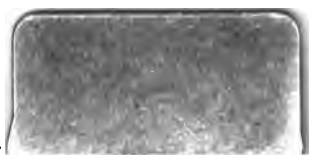
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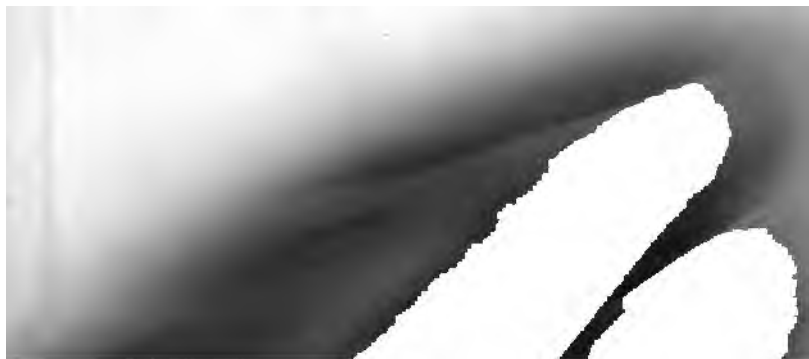
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Ever affec^{te}d Mother
Jane A. Luke

QUIETNESS
AND
ASSURANCE FOR EVER:

BEING BRIEF MEMORIALS

OF

Jane Auchinleck Luke.

BY HER HUSBAND.

"LIFE IS LEANING ON CHRIST'S ARM:

DEATH IS SLEEPING ON HIS BEMAST."

— DEAN OF GLOUCESTER.

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET AND CO., BERNERS STREET.

MDCCCLXV.

210. g. 14.



Edinburgh: Printed by John Greig and Son.

P R E F A C E.

AT first the writer of the following pages had not the most distant thought of their publication. They were designed, merely for the use of his own children, to bring before them in after years, should God be pleased to spare them, the blessed memory and bright example of their beloved Mother, whose loss they are yet too young to realize. As he proceeded, however, not only did the work grow on his hands much beyond what he had ever thought of, but he could not resist the conviction, which soon began to form in his mind, that there is in these pages something fitted, with God's blessing, to be both interesting and useful in a much wider circle.

They contain the record of another instance of rich, free, sovereign grace; and they furnish another testimony to the unchanging love and unfailing faithfulness of a covenant God, and to the all-sufficiency of the precious atoning blood of CHRIST, when applied by the HOLY SPIRIT, to sustain and comfort the soul, and to give deep, calm, solid peace, even amidst the swellings of Jordan. It is in the humble hope, and with the earnest prayer, that the LORD may be pleased to make use of them for the advancement of His own glory, that they are now published.

A. L.



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CHAPTER I.

The Two Sisters.

"THE LORD SHALL COUNT, WHEN HE WRITETH UP THE PEOPLE,
THAT THIS MAN WAS BORN THERE," —PS. LXXXVII. 6.

"Let the example serve, though weak,
For those whom grace hath better proof in store."

—DANTE, PAR. C. I.





CHAPTER I.

The Two Sisters.

IN the Autumn of 1843, when the leaves were just beginning to change their colour, and the waving corn to fall before the busy reapers, two sisters left their home to spend a few weeks with some friends at H—, in one of the south-eastern counties of Scotland. The parish in which their friends resided, had long been under withering influences. At the time of which we speak, there was a great scarcity of the hearing of the words of the Lord. Some felt the sad want, and earnestly longed for brighter and better days, and just at this time their prayers were graciously answered. Rich showers of spiritual blessing had been descending in many parts of the land, during the previous

four years, and under the preaching of such men as Robert M'Cheyne a great work of revival had taken place.

In the neighbouring country town there was an active, earnest, faithful minister of Christ. He, deeply impressed with the great spiritual want that prevailed, and the urgent necessity of making efforts to meet it, paid frequent visits during that summer to several places in the surrounding neighbourhood, preaching to the people, who eagerly came in great numbers to hear. Much deep interest was awakened, and many seemed truly brought to Jesus.

Among other places, he often visited H——, and preached in a large upper room in the retired little village of Auchincrow, usually spending the night with the kind hospitable friends whom the two sisters had gone to visit. As God was graciously pleased to order it, while they were there, he came one Sabbath evening to preach. The text was Rom. iv. 25, "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification;" and the sermon was one of much earnestness and power. The two sisters were present, and that night "the Lord opened their hearts to attend unto the things which were spoken." They were both "apprehended of Christ Jesus." They

had been characterised by everything that was lovely and of good report, but they had yet to experience the great change, and to "taste and see that the Lord is gracious." And now God's time to favour them had come.

Christ, as "delivered for our offences," opened up to them views of the gospel, which they had never known or understood before. The word came home to them with great power, and a deep impression was made on both their hearts. The Spirit of God was evidently at work in their souls, and so sharp were the "arrows" of the King felt to be, that the night which followed was to them a sleepless one.

It was on the Monday morning, however, that the grand crisis or turning point came. The minister, who preached, had observed the deep interest which had been awakened within them, and felt a strong desire to have an opportunity of conversing with them on the great subject of personal religion. Before retiring for the night, on the Sabbath evening, he half expressed that desire by asking, in a general way, if any one would join him in a walk in the garden next morning. The two sisters, now so anxious and unquiet in their minds on the most momentous of all subjects, gladly accepted the proposal. When

the morning came, they went,—first the one, and then the other. They each entered at once on the great matter of their own state before God—their anxieties—their difficulties. He found in them something so frank, so unaffected, so genuine in all their ways of thought and feeling, that he was filled with a peculiar interest. He could not help wondering at the way by which God had led him, and he felt the position which he occupied to be a very solemn one.

They seemed to feel deeply the claims of God, and the unsettled controversy between their souls and Him. They had been endeavouring to meet those claims, and to settle that controversy by being good and trying to make themselves religious; the deep delusion by which the great enemy of souls deceives and ensnares so many. And now when the gospel was opened up to them in all its fulness and freeness, and they were shewn that it is “not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy” that God saves us,—that salvation is all “by grace and through faith,” it was literally *news* to them; and feeling it to be *good news*, just meeting their case as guilty and lost, they were enabled, through grace, at once to receive it with the simplicity of little children, and forthwith “the peace of God” took possession of their souls.

Question followed question, and when answered from Scripture, there the matter seemed to end. They appeared to have no thought or difficulty about their own act of faith. The glorious good news of a free salvation in Christ, received as true, seemed at once to make them glad. Their experience in this was remarkably similar. As soon as "the word of the truth of the gospel" was clearly set before them, they received it with all readiness of mind. Having God's own word, telling them of redemption finished by Christ on the cross, and assuring them that "the Lord is well pleased for His righteousness sake," and proclaiming complete acceptance and eternal salvation in Him to every one that believeth, they felt that they needed nothing more. They took God at His word; they trusted wholly in Christ's blood and righteousness, and it was "*in believing*" that they were filled with "all joy and peace." The night before had been to them a dark and stormy one, but in the morning, Jesus Himself drew near and said, "Peace, be still," and immediately "there was a great calm."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

The good work, which God had thus so remarkably begun in their souls, was deepened and advanced four weeks after, when the same honoured servant of Christ unexpectedly returned again, and preached with much power. His own testimony was, that seldom had he experienced such a deep and powerful sense of the Spirit's presence as on that occasion. The text was Psalm lxxxiv. 11, "For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly;" and, as before, to the two sisters, the message was greatly blessed, confirming and building them up in the faith. "The Lord God" was very fully realized as "a sun and shield" by them; and while they lived, the solemn services of that day were held in loving and grateful remembrance by them both.

Thus, in His adorable providence, all unknown to themselves, God, "who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working," had brought them to the place where it was His gracious purpose, from everlasting, to visit their souls. He had been leading the blind by a way that they knew not, and

in paths that they had not known. There and then they were led to take "the great step in life"—deciding for Christ;—they were both evidently brought to the feet of Jesus, and from that time they joyfully took up the cross and began to follow Him. They had gone to pay an ordinary visit, and they found the Pearl of great price. They returned to their home new creatures, with hearts full of gratitude and praise, earnestly desiring to be enabled to live for, and serve Him who had done such great things for them. They had been much attached to each other before; they became doubly so now, being, as it were, twin sisters in Christ. And in them we are forcibly reminded of the great truth, that mere morality, and all that is outwardly virtuous and amiable, cannot save the soul. "The sprinkling of the blood of Jesus," and "the renewing of the Holy Ghost" must be experienced, if the kingdom of heaven is ever to be entered.

"MARVEL NOT THAT I SAID UNTO THEE, YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN," JOHN iii. 7.



CHAPTER II.

First Lobe.

"AND MARY SAID, MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD, AND MY
SPIRIT HATH REJOICED IN GOD MY SAVIOUR." —LUKE I. 46, 47.

"Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that infus'd from Heav'n, must thither tend."

—COWPER.

"Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to shew,
By my love, how much I owe."

—M'CRETHEN.





CHAPTER II.

First Love.

MR HEWITSON remarks, "that in the case of many Christians, regeneration is followed by a considerable period of—not darkness—but obscurity (such as that of the understanding in childhood), unfitting the soul to take in a whole Christ, and consequently to enjoy a perfect peace. Such Christians," he adds, "live far below their privileges as accredited children of adoption, born to an inheritance not in themselves, but in Christ." This was not the case with the two sisters. Through grace they believed, and immediately their souls entered into rest. It was a full Christ that they embraced, and, therefore, it was "perfect peace" that they enjoyed.

But the feelings of joy and gladness which fill

the new-born soul must be expressed. During the late season of revival, we one day, in a large town, incidentally met with a family that we had known long before. The eldest boy, a wild careless lad, had been induced to attend a meeting, where an address was to be delivered to the young; and he had gone to the front seat in the gallery that he might see, as he jestingly said, who would be the first to cry. The address was very solemn and impressive; the power of the Lord was present, and the lad himself was the first to be smitten with conviction. The whole of the following night he was in deep distress. He could not eat, he could not sleep. It was the bitterness spoken of in Zechariah xii. 10. Next forenoon, being unable for work, his mother went to ask his Sabbath-school teacher to visit him. When left alone, he knelt down once and again to pray, but rose as burdened as ever. He then remembered, and began to sing Dr Bonar's beautiful little hymn,—

“ I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God,” &c.

and he said, “ As I sang I just did it; I laid my sins on Jesus, and in one moment my heavy burden was gone; I felt as if I had grown a big man all at once, I was so lifted up.” He had

come into living contact with Christ, the almighty Saviour of the lost; he had "touched" Christ, and was "made perfectly whole." And now filled with great joy he could not rest, but ran to the next house and told with rapture that he had found Christ; and when his mother returned, with a countenance beaming with joy, his first words to her were, "Mother, I've found Christ now, I've found Christ now." It was like the woman of Samaria, who, when she found Christ at the well, could not rest until she had gone and told her neighbours, saying, "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?"

The warm glow of first love which now filled the hearts of the sisters was very strong, and they too must express it. This was done very fully in a close correspondence, which was maintained for many months, with one of the friends whom they had gone to visit, at the time when the Lord was pleased to deal so graciously with them. These letters show how truly they were under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, how steadily they were enabled to hold on their way, and how rapidly they advanced in Christian experience, and grew in grace. We give only a few extracts. They contain some very grateful remembrances of the

Lord's great goodness and mercy to them in the past, and also indicate the course which they were now earnestly seeking to follow. They are written by the younger of the two sisters,—the one who is the special subject of these brief memorials,—and it is evidently out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaks.

“*Rothesay, 18th Sept. 1843.*—My dear E——, now that we are settled in our lodgings, and most of us are engaged in writing to friends, I gladly fulfil my promise of writing to you. . . . We have a delightful selection of books with us, which, with the best of books, will, I hope, give us some sweet and profitable reading. I only hope I shall not too often find my thoughts at Auchincrow to-morrow, instead of being better employed—during our own service here I mean. Spiritually, we are in a very favourable atmosphere at present, which will, I trust, prove most helpful to the blessed light poured in upon us at H——. Oh how richly God has blessed us! Our visit to you has been a most precious one indeed. Never, till then, did I know my lost condition as a sinner, and the unsearchable riches which are treasured up for us in Christ. Truly it was the Lord Himself that led us and that ordered it all. How graciously He blessed the word to us that day; unfolding to our view

Jesus in all His redeeming love and fulness, removing our many doubts and fears, and assuring us of His willingness to receive the greatest sinner in Christ! It was all Jesus, 'the way, the truth, and the life.' And often do Dora and I find pleasure, and I hope instruction too, in speaking together of what we heard. That day will ever be gratefully remembered by me. May we never become cold or indifferent again! May the Holy Ghost come on us daily in His quickening power, and may we never lose sight of Jesus!"

"*Rothesay, 13th October 1843.*—My dear E——, Your very welcome note reached me on Thursday last. Its subject is surely inexhaustible. I find that the more I know, and the deeper I search, the more unsearchable the love of Christ appears. Truly it 'passeth knowledge.' I cannot tell you how very different every line of the word of God appears to me now. Even favourite verses, which I used to think I understood and delighted in, are daily discovered to me in a new and fuller light than ever before. Oh, yes; they are all now precious indeed! Is it not the blessed Spirit enlightening my mind? Is it not the voice of God himself, saying, 'Let there be light'? Is it not Jesus manifesting himself unto me? Oh, then, 'my soul, wait thou only upon God; for

my expectation is from Him.' I was reading a delightful passage to-day on the Holy Spirit pointing to Jesus 'as being, in all respects, just such a Saviour as the sinner needs; opening up to him the fulness that is in Christ; unfolding His unsearchable riches; explaining the design of His mission, the constitution of His person, the variety of His offices, the nature and the perfection of His work, and the certainty and glory of His reward, as our Redeemer.' And then again, 'One vivid view of Christ as He is, imparted to the mind in the hour of private meditation, or under the preaching of the gospel, has been sufficient, in many a case, to dispel all the doubts and misgivings of a troubled conscience, insomuch that the man has felt as if on a sudden his eyes had been opened on the light of day.' Did not I experience something of this at Auchincrow? And since then, too, God's word has been much blessed to me, both when preached and read, so that I may well say, 'Now I see.' What great cause of gratitude to God I have! I see in all this the hand of a kind Father, who loves me; a gracious Saviour, who is my life and light; and a blessed Spirit, who is gently, yet, I trust, surely, leading me into all truth. Truly my soul is called on to magnify and praise the Lord.

“I never forget Mr Cousin’s good advice, not to trust to feelings, or anything in ourselves. That would never do; for how changing they are, and, at the best, how cold. But when we look to Jesus, and think of His love, how quickly our hearts are warmed. When first told this, I believed it, but had not experienced it. Now, however, I do; and when my heart is cold and dull, I find the best thing is just to retire quietly for a while, and lift up my soul to Jesus, that my heart may be opened to His love, and then filled with it. This has a far more blessed effect than dwelling on my coldness, or even than at that time trying to read. But I fear I have already said too much about myself.

“I am glad to be able to say we have an excellent clergyman here, and what do you think, we were assembled in a large upper room, which reminded me of Auchincrow, only it was beautifully fitted up with pews, pulpit, communion table, &c. And the minister had such a nice prayer, quite *extempore*, both before and after sermon. There was a child baptized after service, and tell M—— its only godfather and godmother were its parents, which I was glad to see. There was no organ, but, what was better, every one joined in the singing. We often think of you all at H——, and

the sweet time we spent there. You know how I value your letters, so, when you have time, remember your very affectionate friend."

When passing through Edinburgh, she enjoyed the privilege of attending St Luke's Church, and to her surprise, the minister whose words had been so much blessed to her at H—— preached. She gratefully saw the hand of God in this, and refers to it with a full heart in the extract which follows:—

"*Edinburgh, 31st October 1843.*—My dear E——, Perhaps you have already heard that beautiful sermon, the poor scanty notes of which I now send you. How I wished I could remember it all. I hope, however, I carried away, and still retain, the full impression of all I heard. It was a sweet message from God to many souls. What so sweet to a convinced sinner as the love and all-sufficiency of Jesus! And oh how touchingly and earnestly these were dwelt on! It came home very forcibly and sweetly to me. What a delightful surprise I had when I saw Mr Cousin in St Luke's. Was it by chance that he was the one to preach that morning, the only morning that I could be there? And was it for no end that I happened to go to that highly favoured place? Ah! no. The hand of God was in it all. Do not

for a moment suppose, however, that I did not think God could have brought home His own word with equal power from any servant He had been pleased to send. I know He could. But see what followed;—*any* one could not have come to call for us, and that was a blessed visit.

“I now feel that I require to be specially watchful and prayerful, not only sometimes, but all the day long. How very different every circumstance appears, and in what a different way trials come, when we see the loving hand of God directing even the smallest occurrences. . . . Oh the preciousness of the throne of grace! And to think that we cannot come too often, or ask too much! We have got some nice books which were recommended to us; but above all one precious Book, which to me appears almost new and now full of life, will, I trust, occupy most of my time for private reading. And, like a dear friend, I must have my meditation chair, that I may digest all I read; and may both of us have our sweet quiet spot for communion with God; and may His blessing ever rest upon us.”

In the next letter we find her exercising a godly jealousy over the friend who had hitherto been so helpful to herself. Perceiving, what she thought, a falling off in spirituality, she anxiously addressed her in the following admonitory tone:—

"Kilmaron, Saturday, 2d December 1848.—My dear E——, I must write you a few lines to-night. They must be few, however, as this has been a precious night to me; I have had such a sweet blessed time all alone. But I am anxious to write you ere another week begins, and I hope you will hear me as truly desiring your spiritual good. Since receiving your last, I have been anxious about you, because from it I feared you were too much taken up with outward things, connected with the church. I know much is required at present, and particularly in your neighbourhood, where there are no others to take the lead. But oh, dear friend, tell me, in the midst of all this, did you feel your own soul living as near to, and as constantly on, Jesus? Were you leaning as steadily on His arm, resting as quietly on His bosom, and rejoicing as fully in His love, as before? If so, all was well, and I thank God for it, but you did not say so, you told me you were almost bewildered; and I thought, why is this? It is because dear E—— is not looking sufficiently to Jesus. She did not say one word of His all-sufficiency, not one word of His supporting love, or the guidance of His promised Spirit. The letter made me sorry, and it spoke to me a word, not of encouragement,*

* Now the property of Sir David Baxter.

but of warning. For I thought if you could have your mind (I will not say heart) so quickly taken up too exclusively with other subjects, and not so much with the one all-adorable subject, then I too might quickly have my heart a wandering and holding but loosely by Christ. We are very ready to see in others what we often pass unheeded in ourselves, but where it is a matter of such moment, we should be open with one another; and when we fear love is getting cold, and faith weak, let us prayerfully embrace every opportunity of speaking a word in season. Let us love one another sincerely in Christ, and often every day meet and remember one another at the throne of grace.

“Yesterday, when wondering how I could get ‘Hints on the Union for Prayer,’ the M——s called and gave us each a copy! Do we ever want for any good thing? I have not found it so yet, not even in small things. What encouragement then to trust in the Lord at all times, and for every thing we need. This supports me mightily. For do not think my soul is not sometimes vexed within me too; but God’s word says, ‘Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, &c.’ I first heard this, I mean really heard it, in that blessed place; you know when, the last morning at Auchincrow. It

was sweet then ; blessed be God, it is sweeter now. Manifold are the riches of His grace unto me, unworthy sinner as I am, but Christ is worthy, and in Him I enjoy rich boundless love. Let this ever be our prayer, 'Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.' And He will, if we ask. 'Whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him.' Christ is full of grace ; we have got but a very little yet, let us ask more."

Then, after referring to the Union for Prayer, she writes :—

"Oh how much we all neglect this blessed privilege, which is free to us at all times and under all circumstances ! And when we do draw near to God, let us see that it ever be 'by the blood of Jesus.' This has been a day for confession. May we truly feel and deplore the sins we confess ; and how sweet the assurance that, 'if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Yes, in Jesus they are all forgiven, blotted quite out, remembered no more, cast into the depths of the sea. Surely 'the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever.' Jesus' own words, I feel, are true : 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.' How truly I experience this, and can say,

'His love shall bear our spirits up ;
 We trust a faithful God.
 The sure foundation of our hope
 Is in our Saviour's blood.'

May Jesus, the altogether lovely One, become more and more lovely and precious to us every day! May our hearts even now be filled with His praises, which are to be our everlasting song!—Ever yours."

"*Kilmaron, 14th December 1843.*—My dear E——,
 How very much I would like to spend an hour or two with you every day. But, perhaps, it is better not; and let us seek that each communication that passes between us may be blessed for our spiritual good. Here are a few verses that seem so applicable that I send you them. They are from a collection which, often when alone in this little room, I find it sweet to sing:—

'To you and me, by grace, 'tis given
 To know the Saviour's precious name;
 And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.

'May He, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send His good Spirit from above,
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.

'Forgotten be each worldly theme
When Christians see each other thus ;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived and died, and reigns for us.'

"In my favourite little book we are told to thank the Lord for everything that takes us to the throne of grace, whatever it may be. And, oh, how kindly the Spirit has been leading me there of late, making me feel that I cannot do without it ! There is one dear to me for whom I am enabled sometimes to offer up an earnest prayer, that she too may *soon* have the full faith to say, 'Jesus, Thou art *my* Saviour, *my* Lord, and *my* God.' What but a simple, living faith is required to enable us exultingly to exclaim, 'This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend !' You have a stronghold in the Scripture promises. Here is a verse which I delight to apply to you : 'Thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him, and He shall hear Thee,' Job xxii. 27. And, again, I hear Jesus saying, 'Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart,' Jer. xxix. 13. Yes, you shall find Him, and find Him to be *yours* ; and very soon, I trust, the Lord Himself will enable you to say, 'My Beloved is mine, mine now, mine for ever.'

"Oh help me to praise the Lord for all His

wondrous love to me. He has holden me up by His right hand, else I should long ere this have fallen from the sure Rock on which He set my feet. Yes, it was only while with you that my eyes were opened to see Jesus a full Saviour, and to embrace Him with all my heart, and to understand distinctly the important difference between the finished work of Christ *for* us, and the progressive work of the Spirit *in* us. I see, and feel daily, my own vileness; but it only humbles me, and sends me more gratefully to the foot of the cross. What amazing love it was, 'in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us!' When we look to Jesus in the garden, and on the cross, where sin brought Him so low, does it not shew us what a dreadful thing sin is, and that God 'can by no means clear the guilty'? And might we not well tremble and sink into despair, did not this same sight shew us also the way in which sin is pardoned? Sin is punished in the Substitute, but the believing sinner is pardoned and saved. 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' This is the sinner's only hope. Christ's blood and righteousness meet all the requirements of the law, and we stand accepted in Him. Our own filthy garments are taken away, and we are arrayed in the white robe of His righteousness. 'Would that we both lived in the

act of constantly and simply hanging on the righteousness of the righteous One.'—(From 'Strong Consolation.') It is 'our righteousnesses' that are called 'filthy rags;' not merely our sinful actions, but our very prayers, even the most devotional, and our kindest and most amiable actions. As Mr Wm. Burns, now the devoted missionary in China, said, 'Corruption mars everything.' How necessary, then, to seek that all we do, and think, and say, may be rendered acceptable to God through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"*Kilmaron, 20th January 1844.*—My dearest E——, How glad I was to get your long, kind note. I do so enjoy a letter from H——; and often am I tempted to sigh for a seat in the little church at Auchincrow on a Sabbath morning. Oh, the sweet, and, I trust, profitable recollections of that place. It is not forgotten by me. How can I praise God enough for so graciously bringing me to hear and converse with one who, in His hand, was the means of setting my feet on a Rock, the only Rock of our salvation. We have been repeatedly at the Scotch church in the afternoon. . . . Oh, the beams of Jesus' love are bright beams; the only ones that can melt our frozen hearts. May they often light on us, and shine full and bright on our souls! May He Himself dissipate the thick clouds

of unbelief and sin which often exclude them ! You are sad, dear friend, but may the Sun of righteousness arise on you with healing in His wings, and display Himself in all His brightness and glory to your soul."

"*Kilmaron, 27th March 1844.*—My dearest E——, I have been wearying to answer your last. I was in great distress and perplexity all this afternoon about what I ought to do as to going abroad. It was the thought of the many temptations of a worldly kind, to which I would be exposed, that distressed me, and the few opportunities I could have for spiritual improvement, which I so much need. But at last I was relieved when I came and sought my heavenly Father's counsel; and then, tremblingly, yet surely, I did throw myself into His gracious, loving arms, open at all times to receive us, and say, Lord teach me what to do. I could not *say* much; but I 'looked' to the Lord and was 'lightened.' Let us rejoice in all our troubles and anxieties, whatever they be, if they prove waves to roll us nearer to our almighty Friend, and make us lean more fully on Him. This, I can truly say, has been the case with me. I have been finding the words of Jesus true, that if we would 'come after Him, we must take up our cross daily, and follow Him. But He has all

strength for His people ; only let us seek and use it well. This evening, I trust, we have been meeting together in holy fellowship at the throne of grace, pleading for a rich blessing on the approaching Sabbath."

"*Kilmaron, 2d April 1844.*—My dearest E——, I gladly sit down to hold a little silent converse with one whom often I would delight to have nearer me. Not that I feel the want of a kind friend, but that we might often together meet with that Friend who is above every other,—sit at His feet and hear His word,—speak of his love, and seek to encourage each other to follow more closely in His footsteps, however difficult the way. But, though far separated, I hope we often meet in spirit at the feet of Jesus, and look on the same face of love, and hear the same life-giving words, and then come away adoring our blessed Immanuel, God with us. I am daily discovering how very little I know of that precious Saviour, but I do desire to know more, to increase in the knowledge and love of Jesus. I have God's word to instruct me, and the Spirit for my teacher, and often does Jesus come and shine on me with such love, that even at times when I feel my heart quite cold, it suddenly begins to burn within me. Now I really see that 'all the glories of God shine into the heart

in the face of Jesus, and in such a way as to fill us with all joy and peace in believing.' Keeping our eye on Jesus, as the bleeding Lamb and the all-prevailing Intercessor, alone gives peace.

"You will not be surprised to hear that *peace* more than *joy* now fills my soul, and *prayer* more than *praise* my tongue. When first the wondrous love of God in Christ was discovered to me, my heart seemed tuned to a song of praise; gratitude swelled my bosom, and a flow of new feelings filled my whole soul. I thought, then wondered, then praised. And good reason I had, for God had sent from above and taken me, and drawn me out of many waters, which, though gently, yet surely, were carrying me along, down that awful stream which only empties itself into the world of woe. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and not until infinite love had set my feet on the Rock did I know the ruin into which I had been sinking.

'The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed;
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.'

"Oh did it not well become me to be very thankful, and to rejoice in God my Saviour? But now this burst of praise, which, though very feeble, did

fill my soul for a time, is changed for a more abiding peace. My thoughts of God and the remembrance of His ways towards me, which were so wonderful, are not necessarily less sweet, amazing, or refreshing to my soul. Oh no; they are perhaps more so, but this body of sin and death keeps me humble. If Christ has died for me, must I not try to live for Him? But I am grieved by my many shortcomings, and my backwardness to follow Him wherever He leads me, when I see a heavier cross to bear. But let us only trust Him, dear friend, and He himself will stretch out a strong hand to help us; and, though in weakness we may be ready to falter, His voice will be heard saying in accents of love, 'Fear not, for I am with thee,' 'I will guide thee continually,' 'I will strengthen thee, yea, I will uphold thee,' and we shall be able to say, 'The Lord is my helper.' I often prove this true, but it is time to put myself out of the question. The reason I have said so much is, that you may know yet another instance of the Lord's love and faithfulness to one so unworthy, in not permitting me to forget Him, but in still leading me by His own right hand, giving me to draw water with joy out of the wells of Salvation, feeding me with the Bread of life, and shewing me that in Christ all fulness dwells.

"I am wearying to get 'Rutherford's Letters' for my companion, which I hope to do when next in Edinburgh. I was just going to ask you to send me that favourite hymn of Mr (now Dr) Bonar's, 'I lay my sins on Jesus,' when I was delighted to find it in a letter I received from Susan."

"Edinburgh, 21st June 1844.—My dearest E—,
I suppose you are at present enduring the fatiguing imprisonment of a stage-coach. I did my best to get a peep of you to-day at the coach-office, but in vain. Here are four verses which I wished to give you : Ps. lxii. 5-9, 'My soul wait thou only upon God.' Mark in verse 7, '*my* salvation.' May this be your blessed experience! Wait patiently, wait earnestly, wait with great expectation. Just pour out your heart before God. Tell Him all your fears and all your wants. Don't you remember about the leaves of the 'Plant of Renown,' how precious they are, and how suitable for every case? Be sure there is one just for you. Only stretch forth your hand and lay hold on it. Jesus has it for you. He waits to give it, and longs to see you healed by it. I won't forget you. There is a sentence of Mr M'Cheyne's which I would put you in mind of; it is in that precious sermon on Song ii. 8: 'Come with large expectations, and then you will find the promise true, that He filleth

the hungry with good things.' May you be enabled to open your mouth wide, for then I know God will fill it!"

And then after referring to some privileges which she had not been able to avail herself of, she writes:—

"But I look forward with pleasure to being with you another time; and I do love to expect that God, who knows all our wants, will have a blessing, and it may be a rich one, in reserve for me. To speak of myself thus, as if I were any one, humbles me; for who am I that the Lord should have already so greatly blessed me, opening my eyes and leading me to Jesus, in whom we have a peaceable habitation, a sure dwelling, and a quiet resting place? Are we not monuments of rich, free, sovereign grace? Let us be very careful to value and improve the light that has already been given us. May each day find us earnestly seeking more! This will bring us to Jesus, for there is no light but in Him, and if we walk in Him, we shall walk in light. May we often be found 'with Mary's heart at Mary's place!' It is sweet to lie low and look up to Christ. He is unspeakably precious. May we know this more and more! But this is Saturday evening; are we remembering God's servants on the morrow?"

“ At Jesu's feet, where Mary sat and wept,
I would be always found ; and there, like her,
Pour out th' affection of a melted soul
In godly sorrow, mix'd with holy joy.
Or if from thence I move to Calvary,
Oh ! may His wounded side and precious blood
Engage my thoughts, dissolve my stony heart,
And bid repentance flow in tears of love.
O, Holy Spirit, lead my soul to Christ,—
Reveal His glories, and apply His blood,
To work in me repentance unto life.”

In the next letter, reference is again made to the little church at Auchincrow, where the Lord had first visited and blessed her, and the hope is expressed that it might become a place of similar blessing to many. This, we have good reason to know, was indeed the case. A goodly number were brought to Christ there, and one elderly Christian used to say, “ I have been in many fine churches, and heard many grand sermons, but I never have enjoyed so much of the presence of God anywhere, as in the humble upper room at Auchincrow.”

“ *Kilmaron, 23d July.*—My dear E——, at last I have the pleasure of answering your two most welcome letters. You judge rightly, when you think I am much interested in all your doings at Auchincrow. It was there I first saw myself to be a lost sinner, and learned the abounding love of God

in Christ, and the all-sufficiency of Jesus to meet the case of the most vile and needy. It was there I was so richly blessed. That will ever make A. dear to me. May it prove a place of blessing to very many.

“Do not think, dear friend, that I am always rejoicing. Sometimes a fear will steal in on me and a cloud arise, but generally it is not long. Jesus shines through it in all His brightness, and enables me to look to Him; and oh, how surely does one look on Him dissipate all my fears! Then confidence returns, and with it peace, and then all is well. I again feel that Jesus is mine, and I am His. I long to know that you do feel this too. These things, however, only prove our weakness and inconstancy, and just throw us back to trust all to the unchangeableness of the unchanging One. Don't you find that a short season of retirement during the busy scenes of daily duty is very profitable, and is often much blessed? I tried to keep to a stated time, but, for several reasons, found I could not; so I just escape when I can, and spend as long as possible in communion with God, telling Him all my wants, and opening up my whole heart before Him. One day this week, when sorely distressed, I betook myself to God, and the word that came to me was 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

And the Lord enabled me to say and believe it; so that while knowing 'my house,' my heart, 'was not so with God,' I could still humbly but firmly say, 'Yet hath He made with *me* an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure;' and could truly and joyfully exclaim, 'This is all my salvation, and all my desire!'"

"WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE? AND THERE IS NONE UPON EARTH THAT I DESIRE BESIDE THEE. MY FLESH AND MY HEART FAILETH: BUT GOD IS THE STRENGTH OF MY HEART, AND MY PORTION FOR EVER."
—Ps. LXXIII. 25, 26.



CHAPTER III.

One Taken.

"THOU SHALT GUIDE ME WITH THY COUNSEL, AND AFTERWARD
RECEIVE ME TO GLORY." —PS. LXXII. 24.

"The grace which justifies a rebel man
Is free—eternal—personal—divine.
The sinner justified by grace has passed
From death to life, and shall not be condemn'd :
Peace is his portion here—he rests on Christ—
And shall be glorified with Him at last,
When time shall be no more—O blessed state !
Made free from guilt, deliver'd from the curse,
Complete in Jesus, own'd an heir of bliss ;
All flowing from Jehovah's sov'reign grace."





CHAPTER III.

One Taken.



THE two sisters, now made nigh by the blood of Jesus, and walking in the light of God's countenance, immediately began to shew forth the praises of Him who had called them out of darkness into His marvellous light. It was at once seen whose they were, and whom they served. They took their place with much decision on the Lord's side, and a new life was begun. They shewed great tenderness of conscience, and a most scrupulous regard to truth, even in the very smallest matters; and, as an instance of this, considerable difficulty was often experienced to find *true* words, in which politely to decline invitations which they now felt they could not consistently accept.

To one who was beginning to ask the way to Zion, but who seems to have found it hard to give up the pleasures of the world, Mr M'Cheyne writes, "I have not been at a dance or any worldly amusement, for many years, and yet I believe I have had more pleasure in a single day than you have had all your life. In what? you will say. In feeling that God loves me, that Jesus has washed me, and in feeling that I shall be in heaven when the wicked are cast into hell. 'A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand,' Psalm lxxxiv. 10." "We must give up the pleasures of the world," says another, "for they unfit us for spiritual meditation; and although they may be hard to part with, as a right eye or a right hand, there is no alternative, if we wish to grow in grace."

So thought and felt the two sisters. They experienced the full force of the words of Mary Jane Graham, which the younger of them quotes at this very time, and evidently with much appreciation; "There are pleasures, rivers of pleasures, whereof the Christian drinks with unspeakable delight;—only be willing, as Simon, to rise up, leave all, and follow Christ, and you will find that He will lead you in the pleasant and peaceful way. For every vain pleasure He calls you to give up, He will give you a thousand solid and real pleasures,

which it hath not entered into the worldling's heart to conceive." This was just what the Lord was bringing them to know. It was God's smile that gladdened their hearts. It was the joy of God's salvation that they delighted to experience. Whether at the country mansion, or amidst the numerous friends of city life, it was not the scenes of worldliness and pleasure, which evening parties so often are, but the place of prayer, that they now loved to frequent. God's tabernacles were amiable to them, His service was their delight, and they gladly embraced every suitable opportunity of repairing to His house, and listening to the faithful, earnest preaching of His word. As new born babes they desired the sincere milk of the word, that they might grow thereby.

They felt very deeply the importance and necessity of attending ordinances, only where the gospel was fully, faithfully, and earnestly preached. In order to strengthen and encourage their own hearts in this, they searched the Scriptures for texts bearing on the subject, and shewing the great duty and privilege of waiting on a living, faithful ministry, on the one hand, and the great guilt and danger of slighting it on the other. Their attention was arrested by such verses as these:—

“A wonderful and horrible thing is committed

in the land ; the prophets prophesy **falsely**, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so.”—Jer. v. 30.

“Be thou instructed, O Jerusalem, lest my soul depart from thee.”—Jer. vi. 8.

“Behold I will bring evil upon this people, because they have not hearkened unto my words.” Jer. vi. 19.

“Hearken not unto the words of the prophets which prophesy unto you, they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord.”—Jer. xxiii. 16.

“He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. . . . Behold I am against them that cause my people to err by their lies, and by their lightness. I sent them not, nor commanded them, therefore they shall not profit this people at all, saith the Lord.”—Jer. xxiii. 28–32.

“Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.” 1. Thes. v. 21.

And committing their way in this matter unto the Lord, He brought it to pass, and the desire of their hearts was given them.

On this subject (and it shews how they valued the gospel wherever they found it) one of them writes to her friend at H—— thus,—

“*Edinburgh, 18th December 1844.*—On Tuesdays

at two o'clock we enjoy the great privilege of going regularly to St Stephen's. Dr Muir's lectures on David, from 1 Samuel, are most interesting this winter. I find them particularly encouraging and strengthening, and most thoroughly practical. Last Tuesday he concluded by urging us to test ourselves by God's own word; to see if we have the fruits of the Spirit appearing in our souls; but at the same time ever to remember that our safety lies in looking off from self, unto Jesus.

"On Saturdays we always go with our cousins to Mr (now Dr) Bruce's class. What a valued friend and minister they have in him! He gave us a most close and earnest address last Saturday on Joshua conducting the Israelites over Jordan. He said, 'You must not suppose you will be wafted into heaven without any exertion on your part. No, you must be up and follow after Christ, as the Israelites did after Joshua. And if you are asleep and unconcerned about the heavenly Canaan, you may be sure you are not on the way to it.'

"On Sabbath, we go regularly to St Paul's. The Bishop has had some most interesting sermons of late; one specially so from Heb. iv. 1, on unbelief; another from James iv. 8, first clause; and last Sunday a most excellent one from these words, 'Other foundation can no man lay than

that is laid, which is Jesus Christ,' 1 Cor. iii. 11. I have gone up week after week with increasing interest. I mention this to shew you what kind of preaching I hear, as I know your deep interest in that. Last Sabbath, he said that many begin to think what good is in themselves, what merit they can boast of, and that surely they have some righteousness of their own, but he said, 'No: Christ must be a whole Saviour; His merits alone must be your plea; His death your only hope of, and title to, eternal life.' How glad and thankful I was to hear such a sermon! May there be many more like it! May great grace be poured out both on pastor and people! It is not argumentative sermons, but the simple preaching of Christ, that is the great thing for our souls."

Much of their leisure time, in those early days of their Christian course, was spent in the prayerful reading of God's word. They would search it for hours together, earnestly seeking the Holy Spirit to be their teacher; and very many are the marks which their old bibles, used in those days, bear, shewing how thoroughly they had been perused, and what were the portions which they felt to be specially precious, and on which their souls were accustomed to feed. There was with them none of that unhallowed reserve on spiritual

subjects, which is so often maintained between the different members in Christian families, and which is such a mighty hindrance to spiritual progress and enjoyment;—a reserve which, Dr Chalmers remarks, “is so very singular, that it almost looks like a satanic influence,—a sorcery by which the prince of darkness obstructs this sort of reciprocal interchange in families, lest his kingdom should suffer by it,—a device by which he guards the very approaches of religious conversation.” Their hearts were peculiarly knit together in Christ; and there was with them a frank and free interchange of sentiment and feeling on all those subjects which were dearest to them both. They “spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard.”

About this time, one deeply interested in their welfare recommended to them a very valuable and interesting volume, “Memorials of Two Sisters.” It was peculiarly suitable; the case of the *two* spoken of in it being in some respects so similar to their own; and the perusal of it was much blessed to them. The clear scriptural views of gospel truth which it contained, and the deep spiritual experience which it unfolded, as well as the close walk with God which it exhibited, instructed, and fed, and quickened them greatly.

They derived much spiritual profit at this time also, from their intimate acquaintance with many Christian friends of much decision and experience, with whom it was their privilege often to meet; and in particular, they were greatly indebted, under God, to the wise Christian counsel of their kind friend Lady —, whose intercourse and letters encouraged and “helped them much in the Lord.” Speaking of a short visit to some of those friends, after referring to the happy fellowship which they had enjoyed, the younger of them writes:—

“On Saturday night, immediately after tea, we all knelt down together to implore God’s blessing on the approaching Sabbath. M—— conducted it that evening. They are a united happy family. We feel it a great privilege to be among them. They seem to live in a constant spirit of prayer; waiting on God in and for everything. ‘Happy indeed is the people whose God is the Lord.’ On Sabbath we went with them to Balmalcolm church, and heard Mr Gregor all day. The afternoon sermon was from Heb. vi. 17–18; very solemn and impressive on the ‘strong consolation’ laid up for believers in Christ, and their duty to receive and lay hold on it. In the evening I accompanied them to Pitlessie School, and had my great desire to hear them teach their classes gratified. It was

in a private room. What struck me most was the great solemnity with which J—— spoke. She asked them, ‘Will you not all choose Christ as your Redeemer this very night?’ We then adjourned to the school, where a portion of Scripture was read by the children and explained; a missionary story was told them, and then the whole was concluded with praise and prayer. Mr F. M—— has a class of the older boys. Afterwards the teachers, five in number, remained behind for prayer, confessing their own weakness and sin, and earnestly pleading for a blessing on the children. We often regret that we are not within a walking distance of these delightful friends at R——, that we might see them more frequently. The distance is seven miles, and most unfortunately for us, the ponies have all been left at Woodcockdale. So we are here in the plight of the fox that could only look up and admire the grapes without being able to reach them, with this difference, that though unattainable with us, they are still sweet. They had a very happy visit this week from Mr Manson, of the Dean Church. He addressed a large meeting of between fifty and sixty in their own drawing-room, and spoke in a very solemn and powerful manner on ‘Behold I stand at the door and knock.’ The people all

seemed much impressed. Mr (now Dr) Guthrie was at Rankeilour for a few days last week. He too addressed the people, and was much liked." At another time :—" Enjoyed the privilege of being these few days with Christian friends, and of going up with them three times to the house of God, and listening to His word so faithfully preached. While at Rossie, Mr (now Dr) Charles Brown of Edinburgh called one day. He read and expounded the 130th Psalm, and then prayed. His remarks were very sweet and precious. He served two tables on the next Sabbath from John xvii. 9, and Hosea xiv.; then preached in the evening from Song ii. I leave deeply grateful for the quickening and strengthening season I have enjoyed, but feeling also that now there lies on me a far greater responsibility than when I came, for the word spoken has been very searching and faithful. May the Lord bless it to my soul."

Thus, for a few years, the two sisters walked in the narrow way side by side, helpers of each other's joy and faith, taking sweet counsel together, and going to the house of God in company. But a time of separation, and consequently of trial, came. Hitherto they had joyfully served Christ together, but now each had a separate line of service assigned to her. The elder of the two became the wife of

one in all respects like-minded with herself, and a bright prospect of much domestic happiness seemed to lie stretched out before her. But it was only of very brief duration ; for, having proceeded with her husband to India, scarcely had she set foot on those distant shores, when she was suddenly laid low, and quickly taken to her everlasting home.

Her deathbed was a scene of most deep and solemn interest to all who were privileged to witness it ; her faith was so strong, her assurance so full, her victory over the last enemy so signal, her departure so triumphant. When made acquainted with her state, on the morning of the day on which she died, and told that all hope of recovery was now gone, the calmness with which she received the information at once shewed the perfect confidence with which she rested on Christ. To her, death was entirely disarmed of all its terrors. After offering up a most fervent and earnest prayer, in which she expressed her full assurance that Christ had washed away all her sins in His own most precious blood, she went on to describe her former feelings regarding death as those of great dread ; but now, with joy beaming in her eyes, she said that she hailed the message of death as one of peace and everlasting happiness, and expressed the conviction that ere the morning

arrived she would be with Jesus, which was far better.

She spoke in a most affecting manner of the wonderful love of Christ to poor lost sinners, and to herself in particular, as one whom He had washed and made white in His own blood; and quoted most correctly long passages of Scripture, which were peculiarly suitable to her case. She repeated part of the 23d Psalm, and said, that, through the grace of God, she was enabled most fully to realize the comfort spoken of in the 4th verse;—fearing no evil, whilst now passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death, because Jesus was with her. At her own request, the 5th chapter of Romans was read, also the 84th Psalm, the 11th verse of which, “The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory,” had been made so very precious to her at the time when the Lord first visited her soul. And when, a little after, the words of Paul were quoted, “For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;” she, in a very emphatic manner, repeated several times, “To die *is* gain,—To die *is* gain.” Her whole soul seemed filled with a sense of God’s pardoning love, and a desire to be with Christ. In answer to a question put to her, she said, “I have no doubts or fears of any kind, because “the blood of Jesus

Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin." She spoke of herself as a guilty sinner, but as a fully and freely pardoned one, now about to enter into the joy of her Lord. She could sing,—

"I have a home above,
From sin and sorrow free,
A mansion which eternal love
Design'd and form'd for me.

"My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He pass'd through death's dark raging flood,
To make my rest secure."

She affectionately commended her sorrowing husband to God, and desired him to see a loving Father's hand in this sore trial; and she prayed that it might be greatly sanctified to him, and to all her dear relatives at home; and that Jesus might be much glorified in her death. And then, addressing her husband, she said, "And you will soon come too, David. Look to Jesus: you will find in Him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." She described an exceeding bright shining light, which, she said, she saw, as if heaven were already opening to her astonished eyes, now about to close on all below. And after falling into, and remaining for some time in, a deep quiet slumber, from which she never awoke, about mid-

day she quietly fell asleep in Jesus, at the early age of twenty-four.

“ For ever with the Lord !

Amen ; so let it be :

Life from the dead is in that word,

’Tis immortality.”

A Christian physician, of long and extensive experience, who felt it a great privilege to be present at her deathbed, says, “ I never saw such a delightful display of joy, peace, and triumph, founded on most clear scriptural grounds. Her memory had previously been well stored with precious portions of God’s word, which she now quoted most happily, and her countenance shone as she realised and appropriated one gracious promise after another, and breathed out her whole soul in earnest, solemn prayer. I bless God that I, for one, was permitted to witness so delightful and encouraging a scene. They had just newly arrived from off a journey, and it seemed as if the Lord had reserved her peaceful departure that it might be witnessed by others as well as her husband, and had brought her to Trichinopoly for that very purpose. Her redeemed spirit seems, as it were, just to have flitted through this place on its way to glory; merely staying long enough to let us see how fully she was more than

conqueror through Him that loved her. And while memory lasts with me, her happy triumphant passage into eternity can never be forgotten."

Her beloved husband found the promise sure, "You will find in Him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." In a few years he joined her before the throne. His deathbed was marked by much of the same calm confidence and full assurance which so remarkably characterised her own. He also was suddenly called away; but, as an Indian officer, Lieut.-Colonel Young, now of Edinburgh, who was his intimate Christian friend, and constantly with him in his last hours, wrote, "Sudden as the Lord's call was, he was not taken by surprise. Like the wise virgins, through grace, he was found ready." When medical aid was called, he said, "It is well sending for the doctor, but what would that be to me without Jesus?" He spoke much and sweetly of Him. No doubts or fears were suffered to disturb the perfect peace which he enjoyed. He looked forward to his change with joy. His soul was fully stayed on Christ, the Rock of his salvation. With calm, placid countenance, and in the clearest manner, he expressed his full assurance that the Lord was about to take him to Himself for ever. When

another officer came in to see him, he said, with great fervour, "Ah, M——, you must come to this too; and, remember, nothing but Christ will do then. I know Jesus well. He has bound me with the bands of love. In Him my salvation is sure,—sure. I am going home." When asked by his friend who was so much with him, if he felt Jesus to be near, he answered, "Yes, very." And to the question, "Shall I write and tell your mother that all is peace?" his reply was, "Yes; perfectly happy. My eyes are fixed on Jesus. Oh come, Jesus, and take me." "I feel that I have not walked so closely with Christ, nor been so faithful a witness as I ought, but Jesus will never forsake me. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'"

"LET ME DIE THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS, AND
LET MY LAST END BE LIKE HIS."—NUM. XXIII. 10.

CHAPTER IV.

Serving Christ.

"O LORD, I AM THY SERVANT; I AM THY SERVANT: THOU HAST
LOOSED MY BONDS."

—Ps. CXVI. 16.

"Running the Christian race,
Straight to the goal!
We would our Jesus serve,
Heart, hand, and soul!
Blood-bought, and not our own,
We live for Thee alone,
From whose celestial Throne
Love's life-streams roll."





CHAPTER IV.

Serbing Christ.



THE cloud of sorrow which now threw its dark shadow over the mourning family at home, was peculiarly felt by the remaining sister. Even the separation, only for a few years, as was hoped, from one so dear, and with whom, in every step of her spiritual progress hitherto, she had been so closely associated, had been felt to be no small trial. However, it only cast her all the more upon the Lord himself; and, as she said, made her realise more fully her pilgrim state here, and press on more earnestly for the "city which hath foundations," and the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." And now the sudden and unexpected removal of this beloved sister by death was felt to be

almost overpowering ; but God's strengthening and sustaining **grace** was all-sufficient, and the intelligence of her sister's happy and triumphant departure, and the thought that she was now with Christ, served not only to comfort her heart and to wipe away her tears, but also to quicken her own steps in the narrow way, and to lead her into a more close and holy walk with God.

In communicating tidings of the death to her aunt in Reading, she wrote :—" On Monday night the Indian mail brought us the sad news of the death of our dear Dorothea ; and I am sure you will feel with us, that though this is indeed a most sore bereavement, yet we can rejoice under it, since we have this confidence, that she has ' fallen asleep in Jesus, and entered the everlasting rest.' These are her dear husband's words in first announcing her death. The letters we have received, from which I send you some extracts, bear ample testimony to her full and strong faith in Jesus as her only and all-sufficient Saviour, and shew that she felt and rejoiced in His love and support in her last trying hour. Though so happy, and blessed with so many earthly blessings, which she felt to be doubly precious as the gifts of her covenant God, yet, when told that there was no longer any hope of her recovery, she replied that she had no wish

to remain ; and how blessed that, in that solemn moment, she felt, and could say with such full assurance, 'To die is gain.' She enjoyed every comfort, and had every means used for her recovery, but the Lord's own voice called her home to her eternal inheritance ; and, blessed be His own name, she was ready, waiting and longing for Him whom her soul loved. What cause we have for gratitude and praise to Him who kept her from falling, and has now presented her faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy !"

And then a few weeks after, to the same, she wrote :—*Kilmaron, 11th March 1847.*—We arrived here on the 16th February, just a year and sixteen days from the time when our dear Dora drove from this door the wife of Dr Foulis ; and now there are many things, in almost every room, which bring her often and forcibly before us. Our own room specially, which I still occupy, and where she and I were together for so many years, reminds me of the 30th January last year, when she was dressed there in her white marriage dress, and looked so happy. And it was exactly on that very day ten months after, that, shortly before she died, she prayed for the last time (not the first) to be clothed with the white, spotless robe of the Redeemer's righteousness. Her death has been much felt by

many of the cottagers around us here, whom she and I used often to visit; but they all fully believe that she is now for ever with her Lord, for they saw her works, and heard her words, and took knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus."

For some time this solemn event was sought to be improved by the 30th of each month, the day on which the departed one fell asleep, being observed as a day of special prayer. On one of these occasions she writes:—"It is good to remember this evening before the Lord—to draw near and pour out my heart before Him whose ear is ever open to my cry. I am much impressed with the blessed, peaceful state of mind which the Lord has so graciously bestowed on our dear absent brother in the midst of his deep affliction."

From this time she began to engage more fully in the active service of Christ. It is the positive duty of all believers to take their place openly on the Lord's side, and to seek by their own personal efforts to help on the Lord's work. This is what young converts specially are led instinctively to do. "The love of Christ constraineth them." Some two or three years ago, a young lady, belonging to an English family, was sent to Paris for the purpose of completing her education. This done, she returned most accomplished and fascinating,

but, as it was most significantly expressed to us, "as thoughtless and worldly and gay as Paris could make her;" an illustration of that solemn word, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." One Sabbath morning, in a mere casual way, her eye happened to light on a certain verse in an open Bible, that was lying on the table. She was somewhat struck with it, but no decided impression was made. She went to church that morning, and to her astonishment, that was the text which was preached from, and the word came home to her with considerable power. She went to another church in the evening, and when the text was read she was filled with utter amazement, and a solemn holy awe crept over her, as she heard that very same verse again sounding in her ears. And the words which the Spirit of God, by those three successive strokes, was thus so strongly pressing home on her heart and conscience were these, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." She felt as if it were a voice from heaven addressed personally to her, and a deep saving impression was made. That very night she was led to renounce the world and its gaities, and to count all things but loss for Christ, and to give herself up with all her heart to serve Him. Since then, she has been enabled in a remarkable manner to work for Jesus even among

the rough working men of the district around, and through her humble instrumentality blessing seems to have come to very many. The forgiven soul must work and speak for Christ.

“ We all must speak for Jesus,
Who hath redemption wrought,
Who gave us peace and pardon,
Which by His blood He bought.

“ We all must speak for Jesus,
To shew how much we owe
To Him who died to save us
From death and endless woe.

“ We all must speak for Jesus,
Where'er our lot may fall,
To brothers, sisters, neighbours,
In cottage and in hall.

Constrained by the love of Christ, Miss Cheyne now began with her whole heart to speak and work for Him; the Sabbath School, the sewing class, and household visitation among the cottages of the poor, being the chief ways in which her Christian efforts for the good of souls were put forth. Even previous to the great spiritual change which took place in the autumn of 1843, she had done a little in the way of teaching a Sabbath class, influenced by some vague idea that, in the position which she occupied, it was her duty to do something for the

good of those around her. Now, however, it was in a very different spirit that this work was engaged in. As soon as the light from heaven broke in upon herself, and she came to know Christ as precious to her own soul, she longed to return to her Sabbath class to speak of Jesus and His love to them. She wrote:—

“*Rothsay, 13th Oct. 1843.*—How I am wearying to get among my Sabbath scholars at home again! And yet how very precious is this time which is so graciously given me here, and how responsible I am for the use I make of it! For how can I hope to teach others, unless I am taught by God’s own Spirit myself? I trust I may return and go among them as one who has really been taught of God. I know that if I seek His grace, He will make it to abound towards me; and is not His grace all-sufficient?”

Again, about a month after, she writes:—

“*Kilmaron, 10th Nov. 1843.*—Could you see me, my dear E——, sitting here in my own room again, at my little table, with my old friends (books and tracts, &c.,) around me, preparing for the Sabbath, I am sure you would think I look happy. We all came home on Wednesday, and to-day I began inquiring after my Sabbath scholars. I feel very happy in getting back among them again; but, to

humble me, God is shewing me the great responsibility of such a work, yet His grace is sufficient for me."

And then in the beginning of the next year :—

"*Kilmaron, 5th January 1844.*—You ask me about my Sabbath School. The morning class consists of 21 ; 11 girls and 10 boys. D—— takes the girls, and I take the boys. We finished the Gospel by Luke some time ago, and now are going on with Matthew. We have some books to assist us, but really, apart from these, our heavenly Teacher Himself kindly and forcibly brings to our remembrance the things concerning Jesus, and enables us to set them before the children. Oh that the Holy Spirit may be poured down upon us all, even with a Pentecostal fulness ! I have been seeking this specially for those who meet with us on the Sabbath mornings ; and God has enabled me to speak to them more affectionately and earnestly than I have ever done before. And then before we part, we meet around our Father's throne of grace to seek His blessing on His own word, and to pray that He would pour out His Holy Spirit on these children, and make them all the lambs of Christ's flock. I began this immediately on re-opening the class, and this is one of the precious fruits of our visit to you. All were

perfectly quiet and still, even solemn—not a hush ; and it was encouraging to think there was One who Himself was at that time interceding for us. I do get my hour, between seven and eight, on Saturday evening, all to myself.”

In a letter to her friend at H——, dated 2d April 1844, when having the prospect of soon going for some months to the Continent, she writes :—

“In leaving home I have but one anxious thought, and that is, what is to become of our Sabbath scholars? My class for young women was opened four weeks ago ; I could far rather not have opened it ; I feel so incapable to do anything for the Lord. But I felt this was wrong, making myself something ; and now I can say, Lord, do Thou work, only Thou ; and if it be Thy will to use me, here am I, a ready, though weak, instrument. May he bless His own word to their souls ; and oh ! soon may some of them be brought to know the preciousness and all-sufficiency of Jesus as their own Saviour. And now, having offered myself unto the Lord in this important work, I feel how very solemn it is to speak to immortal souls. It is my duty to read and study for them, as well as for myself ; and to pray and watch for their souls as one who must give an account. This requires time ; I have fallen on a pretty good arrangement, and I must try to

keep to it. After tea I mean regularly to retire for half an hour, to pray for the children; and though it may seem short, yet God may make it a solemn and blessed time, and He will, if only I earnestly seek His presence. We expect to make a short visit to Edinburgh next week. A long visit I would not like at present, as every Sabbath is doubly valuable with our children now. We intend going to Mr Kennedy's to get a good selection of books and tracts to distribute before we leave."

These extracts shew the devoted earnestly prayerful spirit in which this good work was engaged in. She entered into it with all her heart; and longed ardently that the children might indeed be brought to know the Lord. She was greatly encouraged by the evident joy with which they used to gather around and listen to her carefully prepared instructions. Dreading even the tendency to try to serve God with that which costs us nothing, she ever made diligent preparation for the duties of her class. And above all, it was her constant special prayer that the Lord himself would be her own teacher, and that He would help, and bless, and prosper her in the work.

After passing through the picturesque, yet bold scenery of the Kyles of Bute, Loch Fyne, and the Crinan Canal, the tourist, in crossing from Oban

to the Sound of Mull, on his way to Staffa and Iona, will observe close on his right, lying in the middle of Loch Linnhe, the narrow, rugged, yet very rich and fertile Island of Lismore, with its tall lighthouse standing prominently out. Lismore was anciently the seat of the bishops of Argyle, the ruins of whose castle still remain. Until very recently, there was at Kilcheran a Roman Catholic College, which has now been removed to Blair's, Aberdeenshire. There are several vestiges of fortified camps, and an old castle with a fosse and drawbridge, said to have been erected by the Danes. The island is nine miles long, and from one to two broad, with a population of 1250. The inhabitants are almost entirely Gaelic-speaking; and, though sober and industrious, are, in general, poor, and have few advantages for the education of their children. Their very primitive habits may be imagined from the fact, that last summer when a new Baptist meeting-house was erected, all the stones for the building were said to have been quarried by the *minister* himself.

Here we next find Miss Cheyne working for Christ. During her frequent visits, spread over a period of years, and often extending to five or six months at a time, she found among the young

people particularly, a new and most inviting field for Christian effort. Classes were formed, and it was under the very same roof where the Roman Catholic Bishop used to meet with his students to instruct them in the mysteries of Molina and Escobar, that she now assembled the children to speak to them of the Good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep.

With reference to this she writes :—

“*August 17. 1845.*—This is the second Sabbath morning I have met with my class. Lord enable me to teach them according to Thy will. May the Holy Spirit breathe upon my soul and upon theirs! Direct and guide me what to say. I wait on Thee to bless me in this work; and may I ever have but one end in view, to bring glory to Thy name in the salvation of some precious souls, and but one motive to animate me, love to Jesus Christ. Oh keep me humble and prayerful in all I do!”

She was accustomed also, in the Highlands, to gather the girls on week days into a class for sewing. In a letter to her aunt, she writes :—

“*Lismore, 30th October.*—We are busy preparing little prizes for our girls at the sewing school, to be distributed, as usual, at the examination next week. It will be an interesting day to us all. We have had in general between twenty and thirty

present. It is more than four months since we began to meet, and now that we are about to dismiss them again, we feel that we have need to cast ourselves afresh on the Lord for pardoning mercy, and to ask that, for His own name's sake, He will not suffer our humble efforts to be altogether in vain. Most of those who come to us during the week, are in our class on the Sabbath likewise, so that we have many opportunities of speaking to them of Him who came to seek and to save poor lost sinners. But oh! my dear aunt Susan, how often must you feel in your daily labours also, that none but Jesus himself can apprehend any sinner; and while the humblest of His people go forth and seek to bring others to their precious Saviour, they do so only because they believe that He is with them, and can in one moment, by His own power, make them willing. I trust you are enabled to continue your classes and visits to the poor, and that you have much of your dear Master's own sweet presence, and see Him coming in His glorious power to save. We must give Him no rest until He arise and make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

Visiting her scholars at their own homes, and making kind inquiries about those who had been absent, were never neglected. It was found, as is

always the case, to serve a double purpose : it not only secured the more regular attendance of the children, but also drew forth the better feelings of the parents, and gave a favourable opportunity of speaking a word for Christ to them. Her walks were generally arranged with a view to this. A family would be visited by the way, and the children inquired after. At another time, something would be taken to a sick woman, or a book would be handed in, and a word spoken to some poor man whose spiritual welfare she was interested in ; so that her walks were just another form of serving Christ. And some still remember, with deep and loving interest, many a visit of Christian kindness and sympathy which she used to pay to the cottages of the poor, all around the places where at different seasons she was wont to reside, and also the earnest, prayerful efforts which were made to bring souls to Jesus.

An interesting testimony to this is given in a letter of sympathy, written after her death, by the present minister of the congregation with which, in those days, she used to be connected. He writes :—

“ I cannot have any idea of what it is to sustain such a loss as has befallen you ; though all that I have heard and known of her who has left you,

assures me that your loss is great indeed. Often have I heard of your wife from poor people hereabouts who knew her as Miss Cheyne, and had received many a visit of Christian kindness from her. My own wife remembers well how, when she was a little girl, Miss Cheyne used to move about Linlithgow Bridge, and enter many a humble home, and carry the evidences, not only of warm womanly love, but of devoted piety along with her.

“Well; she now enjoys the reward of all such work for Christ. She knows the blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord, and shall have increasing experience of their blessedness in this, that their works do follow them.”

But while much engaged in seeking the welfare of others, she at the same time cherished an intense desire for the spiritual good of her own relations. In a letter to her aunt she writes :—

“*Lismore, 22d June 1848.*—How blessed to know that the Lord is still waiting to be gracious, that He loves to hear the cry of the humblest of His children, and that, for the sake of our great High Priest, He will hear our poor imperfect supplications, and will answer them as He knows to be best ! I find it a great comfort and encouragement in praying for friends, to know that the Lord is ‘the God of all grace,’ and of all power ; and then to plead with Him, for His

own name sake, to put forth His mighty power and quicken every soul I bring before Him. For while we seek as much earthly good for those who are near and dear to us, as the Lord sees fit to give, oh how earnest should we be in seeking that every one of them may be brought to enjoy God's favour, which is life, and his lovingkindness which is better than life! J—— is in Edinburgh, and has now fairly entered the office. He is at an anxious time. May the Lord graciously incline his heart to seek Him as the chief portion of his soul, and then all will be well with him for ever. How few hear these words of Jesus as if they were true, 'what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' "

Again:—"Lismore, 6th July 1849.—I need not say how glad I was to hear the good news concerning cousin J——. Oh how free, how boundless, how effectual is God's grace in His day of power! The soul is then led captive to the feet of Jesus; the hard, proud heart is broken and brought low, and the Lord alone is exalted in that hour. It is seen and felt to be the Lord's own doing; what work is so great as this new creation? The almighty God alone can accomplish it, and therefore it is to Him we must go, to perform it on any soul. And how blessed to think that this is the work in which He

delights, and that the time when the Lord Jesus is espousing souls to Himself, is ‘the day of the gladness of His heart!’ May all dear to us be, in mercy, among that blessed number, ere the day comes when the marriage supper of the Lamb shall be spread, and when the door shall be shut!”

Her delight in the service of God in the public exercises of the sanctuary was very great. She most truly “loved the habitation of God’s house.” Sometimes she was at a considerable distance from ordinances, and not able always to be present; but when at all possible, and even in most uninviting weather, and over a distance of several miles, it was with joy and gratitude that she went.

“How lovely is Thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of Thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be!

“My thirsty soul longs veh’mently,
Yea, fainth thy courts to see:
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for Thee!”

On one occasion she writes:—“We have been enjoying a most precious communion season. In the Presbyterian Church, you know, they have services both before and after the Communion Sabbath. These are often very solemn and quickening times,

and we had one here on Sabbath last. It was about sixteen miles from this, but that is thought a short distance in the Highlands. Papa very kindly saw us away in the boat. We left on Saturday morning to be in time for that day's service, and remained in a house of papa's, near at hand, until Monday evening, when we got comfortably home, full of gratitude to God for His marvellous loving-kindness; for, blessed be His name, we experienced much of it, and felt that His banner over us was love. I felt His love to be more immeasurable than ever. It was a very peaceful holy season. We were quite alone, with just one servant, and our hospitable farm-servant's wife who keeps the house there; and then it was so retired, being on a small island where not another person resides. The scene around was very fine, the little church, situated at the foot of the mountains, on the banks of Loch Creran, one of our beautiful Highland lochs, and many little boats filled with people coming sailing up the loch on three successive mornings. There were services both in English and Gaelic,—the minister, Mr Fraser of Ardochattan, a dear old servant of Christ, being assisted by two others. They came in the 'Breadalbane' yacht, which is used all summer in carrying ministers to visit the more remote parts of the Highlands and Islands.

They landed here on their way down on Tuesday, and preached in Mr Wood's church, when a large congregation assembled, though at twelve o'clock, the people willingly giving up their day's work for the sake of the service."

On returning home on another occasion, on the Monday of a communion, she writes :—

" *Kilcheran, 24th September 1849.*—Felt it a great privilege to be permitted to be present in God's house to-day, even though it was only the last day of the feast. From what we heard it seems to have been, to some souls at least, a feast indeed. The Lord is very gracious in sending us these sweet and solemn seasons, and in giving me a longing desire for them. Being prevented going up yesterday, I prayed that if it were the will of God, He would graciously open a way for me to go up to His sanctuary to-day. And oh, how very fully He has granted my request! I now note this down by way of grateful remembrance. I may look on it another day, and be encouraged from it to trust the Lord still more for all things. And blessed be His name, so free and rich has been His grace to me, that I have had experience of many such instances of His kindness and love, and can say 'God is faithful.' "

To her friend at H——, she writes :—My dearest

E——, Many thanks for the notes you sent me of Mr C——'s sermons. I was most happy to get them, as you knew before sending them, although of course much of the fulness and impressiveness must be lost in mere notes. The one on Matt. xxvi. 29, was surely very uncommon. I copied it into my book, and in writing some of the sentences I stopt, saying to myself, 'This is wonderful, but it is all true.' I never remember reading or hearing anything like it before. All don't speak so plainly. I am much interested just now, in reading the various paragraphs in the 'Times' relative to church matters in England. How fast corruption seems to be spreading there!

"We have been more than usually occupied for some weeks in receiving visitors. First we had Mr and Mrs B—— from Liverpool, and then E—— and Mr B—— from Edinburgh. Mr B—— is the author of 'Counsels to Young Believers,' which you may have seen. He preached a very beautiful sermon to us on Sabbath evening from Isaiah xlv. 21, 22. The weather has been rainy, but they have made the most of their time, sailing, riding, and walking about. We rowed over to the islands, and then we had a delightful sail in the yacht to Loch-nell. It is a most beautiful place; an immense house, very old, and one room still robed in its

ancient tapestry. The view from the tower is very magnificent.

“We had a most distressing accident here lately, which befell a boat on its way between this and Oban. It contained a Mr C—— and two men. He had been over here on business, and some of us saw him setting off. In taking a tack off Dunolly Castle, which is near Dunstaffnage, the boat was upset in a squall, and all the three perished. This, with the awfully sudden death of one of papa’s tenants here after an hour and a half’s illness, has created a great sensation in the whole place. I trust these things may be blessed as a warning to many who are still careless.”

The next extract shews not only the great pleasure which she had in God’s service, and how truly she felt a day spent in His courts to be better than a thousand, but also the lively interest she took in making special prayer for ministers, and in giving thanks for all the grace bestowed on them, and for the good to souls which they were made the means to convey. The devoted servant of Christ referred to, Mr Wood, after many years of most zealous and abundant labour, has now gone to his rest, and his reward. His ministry was greatly valued and much blessed. She writes :—

“*Kilcheran, Lismore, 2d December 1849.*—The

Lord has graciously permitted me to get up to His house both last Sabbath and to-day, after an interval of three Sabbaths. And I desire to acknowledge, first, the great goodness of our exalted and glorified Redeemer, in so evidently bestowing such a large measure of grace on his dear servant, our faithful pastor here, so that the word by his lips often comes 'in demonstration of the Spirit and of power,' and is to me, and I believe to others also, 'a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' And as it is the duty and privilege of God's children to pray for all Christ's servants, and specially for their own minister, so most certainly it is our duty and privilege also to render thanks and praise unto the Lord for all the grace He bestows upon them. This may well be one of my subjects of thanksgiving to-night."

Again:—"I enjoyed a most sweet and refreshing hour in God's own house this afternoon, and heard a very full and faithful sermon from Mr Wood, on John xvii. 15. Blessed be God, the giver of all grace, I could say on coming out, 'It was good to be there!' Lord, I bless Thee for Thy Sabbaths. Fit and prepare me for the eternal Sabbath with Thyself above."

Having on one occasion been disappointed, as it

at first appeared, in reference to an expected journey, on which her heart was much set, she writes:—

“*Lismore, Sabbath, 26th October.*—‘The Lord reigneth,’ Ps. xciii. 1. He orders all things according to the good pleasure of His own will, and I am *here* this day. I committed all my way in this matter wholly unto the Lord. I poured out my heart before Him, and asked Him to grant my desire if He saw good. And now that He has withheld it, I know that it must be because it is best. It is thus that the Lord would teach me that He rules all events, and would have me, more than I have ever yet done, to see whether my will is being conformed to His holy will, which is the true secret of all real happiness. Sanctify me wholly, O Lord.”

But having been brought thus to bow submissively to the will of God, He after all gave her the desire of her heart, and even far more; for not only was the journey accomplished, but she was brought unexpectedly to where the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was to be dispensed on the following Sabbath, and where she was to enjoy the much valued ministry of the late Rev. W. H. Hewitson, who happened to be officiating there at the time. She writes:—

Woodcockdale, 30th October.—Arrived here to-day; and how much cause I have to adore and bless Thy name, O Lord! Thou art wonderful in working; Thy ways are past finding out. He brings about in His own way, and at His own time, what His infinite wisdom sees to be best. I now see how every minute circumstance, and every delay in our journey (as in the canal boat), has tended to bring me here just at this very time. And now the Lord has this day sent me an invitation to come up with His people here to meet Him at His own table on Sabbath. Well might I wonder greatly at all this, and say to myself as I walked down the hill, See what God hath wrought! Bless the Lord, O my soul."

When the Sabbath morning came, it was with thanksgiving and praise that God's courts were entered. The text was John x. 11, "I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." The three tables were served from Rev. iii. 20, Song iv. 16, and 1 Thess. i. 10. And she writes at the close:—"A very solemn and holy day; and, by God's grace, I have found it indeed a most quickening and refreshing season to my soul."

A little after, she writes:—"Sabbath evening.—A faithful searching word from Mr Baillie to-day. I kept some notes by way of remembrance. Lord,

write what is peculiarly my portion on my heart by Thy Holy Spirit, for there was surely much in the message this day for me."

In a letter to her aunt shortly afterwards, she writes from Lismore:—"We felt some regret, which I am sure you can understand, in leaving Woodcockdale, on account of our peculiar spiritual privileges there. There are few so faithful, and earnest, and searching in their preaching as our minister there. But we could bless the Lord for giving us such a precious season, and were enabled to come away rejoicing in this, that, '*with Him is the fountain of life;*' and remembering what we had heard, just a week or two before, from Mr Baillie, when preaching on Ex. xvii. 6, and 1 Cor. x. 4, when he said, '*God may sometimes be pleased to dry up the streams, and thus cause you to go direct to the Rock. The streams may be dried up, but, blessed be God, the Rock always follows us.*' Last Sabbath we were at our little church here, and again heard our good minister, Mr Wood. But there is only one short service in English, so that we require to be very watchful not to be less careful of our hours on Sabbath, when not called away to the sanctuary so early. We find it by far the most profitable, to spend the greater part of the time in our own room. I was

much interested in your Calendar. Your minister, Mr Goodhart, does indeed appear to be one of the earnest, faithful labourers in his Master's vineyard. There are many who are not, and what an awful position they are in! They surely need our prayers too."

Her warm sympathy was very thoroughly enlisted wherever she heard of earnest working for Christ. The "Calendar" referred to contained a long list of Sabbath and week-day services, some twenty-five in all, in connection with the devoted labours of Rev. C. J. Goodhart, then of St Mary's Chapel, Reading, and now of Park Chapel, Chelsea, where the work is prosecuted in the same earnest and devoted manner. At Reading, district visitation was carried on with great energy, and with much success in the gathering in of souls to Christ. On hearing of some of these blessed results which had appeared in the district visited by her aunt, she thus writes:—

"I was much interested in the account you gave me lately of a family in your district, in which so many had been brought, by God's grace, to know Him and His Son Jesus Christ. And while you give Him all the praise, yet it is your privilege to rejoice that you have been made the instrument, even in a single instance, of bringing a precious

soul to Jesus. I hope to hear that the lad continues stedfast, earnestly seeking to follow the Lord fully, and willing, if need be, to suffer reproach for His sake ; and that he is more and more finding Christ's service to be sweet, the most pleasant and honourable of any, even though the way be narrow and often hard to walk in. But if we only keep close to Jesus, He will lead us safely on and make us more than conquerors."

"*Lismore, 26th November.*—(To the same)—We hope to be in Edinburgh soon. It is always a great pleasure to be there, even for a short time ; we have so many more means of grace within our reach, and also so many dear and much-valued friends, whose society is very refreshing. But while I do feel much the want of public ordinances, yet I know I am just where God sees it best for me to be ; and I rejoice that, through grace, I can say, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' How sweet and precious are God's promises when trials come, and to be able to rest on them ! 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee !' 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' How blessed to be brought, by any means, to find the Lord Jesus and His words precious to our souls !"

At that time she was accustomed to take a few

notes of the sermons she heard preached, which she felt to be specially instructive and precious, and to extend them afterwards at home. A great many of these are preserved, neatly written out in a book kept for the purpose; and they show what blessed privileges she then enjoyed, and what rich pastures she was wont to feed on. These notes were often looked into in after years, when, through weakness or otherwise, she was prevented from going up as usual to the sanctuary; and much of the spiritual refreshment which they imparted at first, was, by God's blessing, realized again. At the foot of one of the pages of these notes, there is a short memorandum, written on the last Sabbath she spent in her own home. It is as follows:—
“Sabbath forenoon, 20th Sept. 1863. — Nearly thirteen years have passed since the above was written, and oh, how richly God has fed my soul with portions in this little book to-day!”

“THY WORDS WERE FOUND, AND I DID EAT THEM;
AND THY WORD WAS UNTO ME THE JOY AND REJOICING
OF MINE HEART; FOR I AM CALLED BY THY NAME, O
LORD GOD OF HOSTS.”—JER. xv. 16.

CHAPTER V.

The Inner Life.

"AS THE HART PANTETH AFTER THE WATER BROOKS, SO PANTETH
MY SOUL AFTER THEE, O GOD." "MY SOUL FOLLOWETH HARD AFTER
THEE."
—Ps. XLII. 1, LXIII. 8.

"Lord, let Thy secret be reveal'd to me,
Shew me the cov'nant heavenly wisdom plann'd—
Order'd in every part, confirm'd with oaths—
And, like Thyself, immutable—
Mindful of that grand cov'nant scheme,
Engaging all the attributes of God
In one firm compact to redeem my soul,
I cast away my doubts, abhor my sins,
And feel myself in Christ secure for heaven.
Yes, all is well, though foes and fiends wage war ;
The pledge of cov'nant love is life divine,
That lives on Christ the cov'nant head by faith,
And pants for nearness to a covenant God."

—JAZER.





CHAPTER V.

The Inner Life.

AMIDST her many efforts for the good of others, however, and her zeal in attending on public ordinances, Miss Cheyne did not neglect to cultivate communion with God in secret. This she regarded as absolutely vital. She felt that if she was to prosper in her own soul, or do anything for Christ, she must live in fellowship with God, and be filled with the Spirit herself. From Dr Owen on "Spiritual Mindfulness," she quotes this sentence: "Our hope is that we shall be ever with Christ; and if so, it is certainly our wisdom and duty to be here with Him as much as we can." She felt that the great thing in all real religion is, to have constant close personal dealings, by faith, with Christ the living

Saviour of the lost, laying our sins on Him—committing our souls to Him—trusting wholly in His blood and righteousness—and receiving of His fulness and grace for grace. Like Mary Jane Graham, whose words she quotes, she could say of Christ, from the time when first she was brought to know Him, “He was my ‘All in all.’ I did not want to have any knowledge, goodness, or strength, independently of Him. I had rather be ‘accepted in the Beloved,’ than received (had that been possible) on the score of my own merits. I had rather walk leaning on His arm, than have a stock of strength given me, to perform the journey alone. To learn, as a fool, of Christ; this was better to me than to have the knowledge of an angel, to find out things for myself.”

“Since the dear hour, that brought me to Thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but Thine,
Nor hoped but in Thy righteousness divine.”

She writes:—“In the morning, I am happy to say, I can always have some time alone, two hours even, all to myself, and as I have read somewhere ‘God’s morning smiles bless all the day.’ One of Mr Burns’ sentences was, ‘Be much alone with God.’ Indeed, I am certain, this is the grand secret of health and progress in the spiritual life.

And when shut out from public ordinances, as I sometimes am, may I only be more earnest in searching the word and holding communion with God in secret. I never found this so precious as now." And feeling its vast importance, some time was set apart for private devotion in addition to the ordinary seasons of morning and evening.

Mr M'Cheyne, in a singularly solemn and impressive paper on "Reformation in secret prayer," drawn up for his own private use, and found after his death, says, "I ought to spend the best hours of the day in communion with God. It is my noblest and most fruitful employment, and is not to be thrust into a corner. After tea is my best hour, and that should be solemnly dedicated to God if possible." With this same conviction, Miss Cheyne writes:—

"*Edinburgh, 20th January 1846.*—I find that a portion of time between seven and eight in the evening, is one of the best seasons for private reading and prayer, as well as self-examination. One can almost always retire quietly, and unobserved, for a while then. The mind is more active and clear then than at a later hour. And as I found last night's chapter to be so very important to examine myself by, I would make that more specially my exercise at this time. O blessed

Spirit, be Thou my teacher, and apply the word with power to my soul!"

Again, "How refreshing have been my evening hours this week! They have been precious seasons of grace to me. I do feel that communion with God is truly the very life of the soul. It is our strength, our light, our love, our peace, our joy, our all. Oh to know yet more of the preciousness of this communion,—fellowship with God, through Jesus the Mediator, and by the drawing of the Holy Ghost! Here is the triune God meeting in a sinner's soul. Wonderful! Oh the amazing condescension and love of God! My soul is filled with gratitude and praise. On meditating on all Thy gracious dealings towards me, I can truly say, 'Many, O Lord my God, are Thy wonderful works which Thou hast done, and Thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto Thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered,' Ps. xl. 5."

"Sabbath morning, 8th March 1846.—To be at home all day. I have been asking the Lord's presence to be with me, and that this may be a day of the special outpouring of the Holy Spirit on my soul. May Jesus himself meet with me, and open my understanding to understand the

Scriptures! Lord, make it a searching Sabbath to me. 'Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting,' Ps. cxxxix. 23."

She began to feel more than ever the necessity of keeping her heart with all diligence, and of having a watch set on the door of her lips. In conversation with a friend, she had spoken of an illness, which she was at the time labouring under, in a way which gave her much sorrow afterwards. Referring to this, she writes:—

"*May 25th 1846.*—I have been finding out more than ever the absolute need of watching jealously over my own heart. I have this day shewn a rebellious and unbelieving spirit. I know that I have committed my soul and body into His keeping, who is the all-wise God, and my Saviour; and I do really feel, that whether my body grows stronger or becomes weaker, it shall be well. My heart's desire is, that Christ, my Lord, may be glorified in me, and He knows the best way to do it, whether by life or by death."

"*Thursday, 12th June.*—Read this morning in the Song, chap. 4. May I ever remember, that those who are planted in the Lord's garden are spoken of by Jesus as 'an orchard of pome-

granates with *pleasant* fruits,' and that He comes into His garden to eat His pleasant fruits. O Lord, I trust it is my earnest desire to live daily more and more according to Thy will, and to seek Thy glory and honour in all things! I bless Thee that Thou hast given me this desire, which, I know, once I had not. And now, Lord, enable me to act it out. Have I not again and again dedicated myself to Thee, saying, 'Thy servant, Lord, am I?' May my life testify what my lips have uttered."

"*Saturday, 14th June.*—God, by His Holy Spirit, has in love been making me to see and know something of my own heart; it seems to me so full of sin. I think I really do hate sin, as that abominable thing which God hates, and which pierced my Saviour. I desire ever to look on it in that light. To see by faith Christ suffering and dying for these very sins, is the most sin-hating view to take of them. Oh to live with the cross ever in view! This would make me more watchful, and humble, and holy. Wash me, O Lord, and I shall be clean; for the blood of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, cleanseth us from all sin. Blessed Spirit, Thou hast not only made me mourn over my sins, but, in tender love, Thou hast shown me afresh the face of Jesus. This holds me up, 'Behold, O God, my shield,

and look upon the face of Thine anointed.' And accept of me now and ever in Him. Amen."

"*Wednesday, 18th June.*—Have been reading the 4th chap. of Daniel. What an awful warning against pride! One short moment of calm reflection makes me feel how guilty I am in this. Lord, Thou hast borne long with me; may Thy gracious forbearance lead me to repentance. O humble me, and then give me grace to lie low. May I daily see myself to be nothing, and Christ to be my all in all! Thus in becoming poor, I will become in truth infinitely rich."

"Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal Word!
From Thee departing they are lost, and rove
At random without honour, hope, or peace.
From Thee is all that soothes the life of man;
His high endeavour, or his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But O Thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown!
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away."

Some short sentences which she had met with are noted down as specially precious. They were her own deep experience. "There are two choice mercies: 1. To have a heart broken *for* sin; 2. To have a heart broken off *from* sin." "The full

assurance of our safety is founded on the finished work of Christ." "Prize Christ and salvation above all the world; see that you buy the field where the Pearl is; sell all, and make a purchase of salvation." "Think it not easy, for it is a steep ascent to eternal glory; many are lying dead by the way, slain with security." "The more the light increases in any soul, the lower it will lie." "An empty, dry, broken vessel I ever was and ever must be; Jesus is all, all."

God was manifestly teaching her what one who passed through much soul experience called, "the hardest lesson she ever had to learn," that she was "nothing, and that Christ was all." Another whom she knew, and who has very recently gone to her rest, a few days before she died, said, "For a long time I was wishing to be something, and I thought I was something; but now God shows me that I am nothing, and that Jesus must be all." This is just what every one must be brought to.

That which occupies the heart and mind much during the day, cannot fail often to engage the thoughts also during the hours of sleep. This may explain the following:—

"*Friday, 3d July 1846.*—Last night in a dream I thought I was repeating these verses of the 43d Psalm, 'O send Thy light forth and Thy truth,' &c.,

till I came to the words, 'To God my chiefest joy,' when I stopt for a little, asking myself, 'Is God really my chiefest joy?' After a few minutes, I said so earnestly, 'God is my chiefest joy,' that I awoke."

On her birthday, the 9th August, she writes :—
"While asleep last night I seemed to hear distinctly spoken to me this verse, which, in our ordinary course of evening reading, is in our chapter to-night, 'But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.' It seemed as if the Lord himself had visited me in the night season."

And then, glancing back on the past, and remembering how graciously the Lord had dealt with her, she continues :—"I was born in sin, I lived long under its dominion, and loved it too. I had a false peace. I thought I was a child of God and an heir of heaven, while in reality I was quite blind and ignorant, both of myself and of Christ, in whom alone we have acceptance. But oh the wondrous long-suffering and love of God! He quickened me by His Spirit, and drew me to Christ, shewing me His glory. He thus melted my hard heart, and filled it with love to Himself. I then knew God as I had never known Him before.

I then knew Him as revealed in the Lord Jesus Christ, 'who is the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person.' I suddenly felt spring up within me, another sort of love than that which I used to think I had to God. It was a fresh, strong, warm, love; a love which made me constantly rise upwards. Something, which I now know was the drawing of the Holy Spirit, seemed to be ever attracting me to Jesus. It was just a fulfilment of Christ's own words in John xvi. 14, 'He shall glorify Me, for He shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.' He shewed me the sin and emptiness of myself; and the righteousness, and fulness of grace that are in Christ. And now the Spirit witnesseth with my spirit that I am a child of God. I enjoy peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. What free sovereign grace in all this! And while I live I would adore and love the Lord, who has chosen me to salvation, and who made me willing in the day of His power. He drew me, and it was with the cords of love. Jesus has been found of one who sought Him not. How entirely it is all the Lord's own doing! I see this more and more, and in meditating on what has passed in my soul, since first my eyes and heart were opened, I am constrained to say, 'What hath God wrought?' And when

sometimes anxious fears arise, how encouraging it is to be able to rest on God's own promise, 'I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me; yea, I will rejoice over them to do them good,' Jer. xxxii. 40, 41. And I would daily plead Psalm cxxxviii. 8, 'The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me. Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever; forsake not the work of thine own hands.'

" All that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
My death was all my own;
All that I *am*, I owe to Thee,
My gracious God alone.

" Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then in believing peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

" All that I am even here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee."

Again she writes:—" *Lismore, Tuesday, 25th August.*—I am at home alone this forenoon, and household duties being over, I thank my heavenly Father for this quiet season by myself. For I have much to do with this rebellious heart of mine.

Often, of late, when tempted to give way to a hasty and angry spirit, I have compared my frame of mind with the mind that was in Christ. And my desire is, to be always watching against sin, in whatever form it may arise, and to be comparing myself with my glorious Example, that I may grow in likeness to Him. Oh, I see now that it is with all diligence that the heart must be kept, it is so deceitful and desperately wicked. How very unlike I am to Jesus, who was all meekness and love. But I do desire to grow up unto him in all things. Baptize me then afresh, O Lord, with Thy Holy Spirit, and warm my soul with the beams of Thine own love, and strengthen me to go on my way rejoicing, ever trusting in Thee.

My God, in me Thy mighty power exert,
Enlighten, comfort, sanctify my heart;
Sweeten my temper, and subdue my will,
Make me like Jesus,—with His Spirit fill.

‘ I want a meek, a gentle, quiet frame,
A heart that glows with love to Jesus’ name,
I want a living sacrifice to be
To Him who died a sacrifice for me.’”

“ *Thursday, 31st July.*—No single verse of Scripture has afforded me richer consolation of late than the 7th verse of the 110th Psalm : ‘ He shall drink of the brook in the way : therefore shall he lift up

the head.' For, He being our Head, all that He does, we, as His members, do in Him. In every trying moment, I feel that this one blessed truth is sufficient to quiet the mind and to strengthen and encourage the heart. I desire never to note down here any source of trial and grief; that is only for God my Father above. He knows the very secrets of my heart, and I pour all out before Him; but I do delight to note down, it may be for my own comfort and encouragement another day, the special mercies which I enjoy, and the tokens of love which I receive from His gracious hand. 'He will ever be mindful of His covenant.' 'He hath not dealt with me after my sins.' He has given me love notwithstanding all my ingratitude, and has heaped on me the richest of blessings, spiritual blessings. He has made me to know something of His unsearchable love in Christ, and to feel what a soul-satisfying love it is. Oh if I only knew more of it, I should feel every other love to be little worth in comparison! My great stronghold is, that the love of God is everlasting, that it never can change. Of this I am sure, and herein lies all my confidence. 'Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end.'"

The following extract shews what a reality prayer was to her. It was a real drawing nigh to God in

Christ, making known her desires, pouring out her heart before Him, and looking up for an answer. She stirred up herself to take hold on God. She writes:—

“*September 17th.*—This day I desire to write down, by way of grateful remembrance, a gracious answer received to special prayer this morning. I trust I can now sing better than I could have done yesterday, Ps. xxi. 1, 2. ‘The king shall joy in Thy strength, O Lord, and in Thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice! Thou hast given him his heart’s desire, and hast not withholden the request of his lips.’ When in doubt and perplexity about anything, we go and spread our case before the Lord, and He graciously sends us an answer, how the soul rejoices! Our burden falls, and we can again leap for joy. So it has been with me to-day. Now I can praise the Lord with a joyful heart, ‘Verily God hath heard me, He hath attended unto the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me,’ Ps. lxvi. 19, 20.”

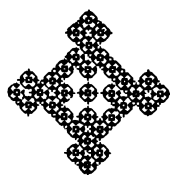
“*October 4th.*—‘The Lord is my keeper.’ ‘Sin shall not have dominion over you.’ I do feel, and with a grateful heart to Thee, O Lord, I would humbly own it, that for some months past Thy Holy Spirit has been bringing me low, and making me more watchful against a hasty, angry temper,

so that I am enabled with some more patience to bear the trials and crosses which I meet with. And though at times the enemy does almost overcome me, yet, blessed be the Lord, my Shepherd and Keeper, He comes to my help, and then I am delivered. As Emma says, 'He gives me grace to cast all my care on Himself, so that the minutest things which used to vex and tease me, I can tell Him of and be at rest.' But still I would press on. 'A good help against the power of sin,' says Guthrie in his 'Saving Interest,' 'is to cleave close to Jesus Christ by faith.' Lord, draw me and keep me near to Thyself. I now desire to live unto Thee; and oh that I may bring glory unto Thy holy name. Be Thou my helper, and subdue mine enemies, that sin may no more have dominion over me."

She was feeling that "there is nothing worth living for but to walk very very near to God."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though a cross it be,
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

"WITH MY WHOLE HEART HAVE I SOUGHT THEE; O
LET ME NOT WANDER FROM THY COMMANDMENTS."—Ps.
CXIX. 10.



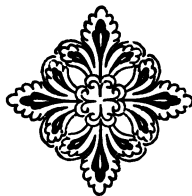
CHAPTER VI.

A New Position.

' I BEING IN THE WAY, THE LORD LED ME.'—GEN. XXIV. 27.

" GOD SETTETH THE SOLITARY IN FAMILIES."—PS. LXVIII. 6.

" The bounds of my abode are wisely fix'd,
My days all number'd in my Father's plan,
And rich provision made for all my wants ;
Each trial measured, every comfort weigh'd—
All gospel blessings labell'd with my name—
Yea, grace and glory made for ever sure."





CHAPTER VI.

A New Position.

“**H**ERE am I, send me.’ This,” she writes,
“will be the earnest desire of every true child of God: to go forth and do the will of his Father in heaven with the same spirit of self-denial and devotedness as Jesus the great Master himself. I am unworthy, O Lord, of this high honour and privilege, to be Thy child, and to go forth into the world as Thy servant. I cannot of myself keep one of Thy commandments. Yet Thou art my Father. Thou hast drawn me to Thyself with the cords of love, and now my desire is to live so as to glorify Thee on this earth, and to finish the work which Thou hast given me to do. ‘Here am I, send me.’ Breathe on me, blessed Saviour, that I may be filled with

the Holy Spirit, and enriched with all the graces necessary to fit me for glorifying Thee in any work to which I may be called : more faith, more love, more humbleness of mind, more patience and gentleness, more untiring zeal, more compassion towards all men, making me in all things like unto Thyself, my glorious Pattern, and willing to follow Thee whithersoever Thou leadest the way."

This was written long before it became in the least apparent in what particular sphere her lot was afterwards to be cast. But, with this as her heart's desire, the Lord, whose she so truly was, and whom she delighted to serve, in His own time called her to occupy a new position, and to serve Him in another way than heretofore. By her marriage, a much wider and more important sphere of usefulness was opened up to her.

It was with no small anxiety and prayerful solicitude that this important step was taken. She felt the great responsibility involved in it, and her one desire was to know what the Lord would have her to do. The matter was therefore calmly and earnestly spread out before Him. And on the evening before her decision as to the path of duty was come to, she lay down to sleep with this singularly appropriate verse on her lips and in her heart, marking the date at it on the margin of her

old Bible : " Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning ; for in Thee do I trust : cause me to know the way wherein I should walk ; for I lift up my soul unto Thee," Ps. cxliii. 8.

"Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

"I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not if I might ;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

"Not mine, not mine, the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be Thou, my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all."

It was her custom, when specially anxious in regard to anything that closely concerned her, to select, as matter for meditation and prayer, some texts suitable to the occasion ; the remarkable appropriateness with which these were always chosen, shewed how richly the Word of Christ dwelt in her. And at this important time, the way in which she was exercised, and the spirit in which the whole matter was gone about, are clearly seen from the following scriptures, which she noted

down one evening to meditate and pray over, at her usual time for private devotion :—

“ Oh that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes ! Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments, for therein do I delight,” Ps. cxix. 5, 85.

“ Trust in the Lord with all thine heart : and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths,” Prov. iii. 5, 6.

“ And I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you that they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances, and do them ; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God,” Ezek. xi. 19, 20.

“ Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you,” John xvi. 23.

“ But this I say, brethren, the time is short : it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none ; and they that weep as though they wept not ; and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not ; for the fashion of this world passeth away,” 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30.

While some difficulties stood in the way, this was her meditation :—“ The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him. The Lord

is good unto them that wait for Him; to the soul that seeketh Him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God in the heavens," Lam. iii. 24-26, 41.

And when at last all difficulties were removed, and the way was made plain, this was her song:—"I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplications: because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live," Ps. cxvi. 1, 2.

In due time her new home was entered, and her new duties begun. She now occupied the important position of a minister's wife; a position which, with her great decision of character, her Christian prudence, her superior education and training, her thorough refinement of thought and feeling, as well as her kind sympathy and devoted piety, she was enabled, all the twelve years of her married life, to adorn; performing its peculiarly delicate and responsible duties in a way to call forth the loving admiration of all who intimately knew her.

It was her earnest purpose and desire, from the first, to guide her affairs with discretion, to behave herself wisely, and to walk within her house with

a perfect heart; and many can testify to what a large extent she was enabled, by God's grace, to do so. Her place on the Lord's side was most thorough and decided. Genuine and transparent in everything herself, nothing pained and grieved her more than any thing like duplicity and falsehood in others; and nothing was more repulsive to her than flattering lips and a deceitful tongue. She hated the work of them that turned aside.

As a wife, a mother, and a mistress, she sought constantly to carry her religion into all the common duties of life, and to do everything as unto the Lord. Amidst the many little vexing cares of a household, which too often ruffle the temper, and prove a snare to the soul, she felt the necessity of constant watchfulness and prayer. Two favourite texts often quoted were, "Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long;" and "Happy is the man that feareth alway." It is by these little trials, perhaps even more than by greater ones, that the Lord teaches and trains us for Himself. She learned much from seeing His infinitely wise and loving hand in all the daily circumstances by which she was surrounded.

"The more we live a life of faith through the day," says Dr Chalmers, "the more distinct and

legible will be that other page in the record of our personal history which we shall have to peruse in the evening; and however little we may have sped at this trial of self-examination, we will either be encouraged or rebuked by it into a life of greater effort and watchfulness on the morrow. Thus will we make a business of our sanctification; and instead of that vague, and shadowy, and altogether chimerical affair, which we apprehend to be the religion of many a professor in our day, will it become a matter of solid and practical acquisitions, each of which shall have a visible reality in time, and each of which, by adding to the treasure in heaven, will have its distinct bearing on the interests of eternity." This it was her constant aim to do.

Writing to a friend, she says: "May we each be daily learning to look upon every event in life, however small, as ordered by Him who is infinite in wisdom; and then, when tempted to murmur, we will be forced to answer these murmurings with this, 'Can infinite Wisdom err?' Oh, with what sweet confidence we may rest and wait upon the Lord, when we know that He who guides and orders all things for us is our own 'covenant God.'

'Happy the man that sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that checker life!

Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.'

"I have found of late, more and more, that to enjoy anything like true peace, our minds must be 'stayed upon God.' He alone is our sure and abiding portion. We may have comforts and joys from the outward circumstances of life, and the kind friends that may be given us; but how soon the hand that gives them may see good to remove them! They are not our abiding portion. Our only true joy is in that God who will prove our 'portion for ever,'—in that Saviour who is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

She was most anxious for the spiritual welfare of her children. They were the subjects of her unceasing, earnest prayers from their earliest infancy. Even when very young, and long before they were able to read, simple verses of Scripture, telling of Christ's love, and of His precious blood which takes away sin, were taught them, as well as verses of hymns. Every morning, when they came into her room, the first thing was to repeat some of these. And every evening after tea, a short time was spent with them in reading the Bible and prayer. It was "the children's worship;" and the opportunity was always embraced

to speak a solemn and loving word to them about their souls. A brother in the ministry, who was frequently with her husband, says, "What I saw of her gave me a deep conviction that you were in the presence of one who had strong faith, and, as its fruit, a simple and sincere piety. I noticed her prayerful spirit in reference to the upbringing of her children, for whose salvation she ardently longed, and often prayed."

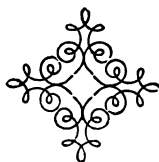
An hour, or as much of it as possible, was devoted every Sabbath morning to reading and prayer with her servants, and she used to seek out some short pointed extract to read to them on these occasions. Arrangements were carefully made, that they might have every advantage in attending ordinances, her great desire being to see them thoroughly in earnest, and walking in the fear of the Lord. "He that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me," Ps. ci. 6.

Her interest also in the work of her husband was both deep and prayerful. She was, what Cecil most truly remarks the minister's wife should be, above all things, "a woman of faith and prayer;" great decision, strong faith, and habitual fervent prayerfulness, being perhaps the most prominent features in her character.

She was a true yokefellow and helper in seeking

the good of souls. The young were anxiously instructed and watched over. The cottages of the poor, and the sick beds of the dying, were often visited. During the winter months a sewing class of girls to work for the benefit of the Highland Schools was kept. At these meetings the industrial work was varied by singing and prayer. Some interesting narrative or missionary intelligence was read, and words were spoken for Christ. In many ways, like the beloved Persis, she "laboured much in the Lord."

"HER CHILDREN ARISE UP AND CALL HER BLESSED ;
HER HUSBAND ALSO, AND HE PRAISETH HER."—PROV. .
XXXI. 29.



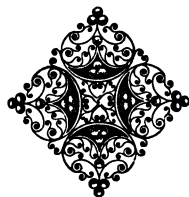
CHAPTER VII.

In the Furnace.

"AND I WILL BRING THE THIRD PART THROUGH THE FIRE, AND WILL REFINER THEM AS SILVER IS REFINED, AND WILL TRY THEM AS GOLD IS TRIED: THEY SHALL CALL ON MY NAME, AND I WILL HEAR THEM: I WILL SAY, IT IS MY PEOPLE; AND THEY SHALL SAY, THE LORD IS MY GOD."
—ZECH. XIII. 9.

"Happy are they that learn in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech!
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within can reach.

"There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ my Lord hath died;
There is no curse in all my pain,
For He was crucified:
And it is fellowship with Him
That keeps me near His side."





CHAPTER VII.

In the Furnace.

NOW placed by God at the head of a family and household, Mrs L. felt the solemn responsibility which devolved upon her, and her only comfort was, "My grace is sufficient for thee." For some years, the quiet even course of her retired country life was almost unbroken. By and by, however, affliction and trials, which are the law of the kingdom, did come; but, in the midst of them, she was enabled very fully to realise the promise, that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." They did yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness afterwards. "Whether God come to His children with a rod or a crown," says

Rutherford, "if He come Himself with it, it is well. Welcome, welcome Jesus, what way soever Thou comest, if we can get a sight of Thee!" This was her experience.

Writing to a friend, she says:—"How kind it is in our ever watchful God and Father, to send trouble, and to cause us sometimes go up through briers and thorns, if only by means of these we can be kept near to Himself. We will praise Him for them all one day, when briers and thorns are no longer needed, when we shall be safely landed in the heavenly Canaan. But we must be *there* before we can do without them." She had herself passed through much sorrow, and had experienced many of these briers and thorns at different times; and the feelings of her soul in regard to them are expressed in the following lines which she quotes:—

"For the sharp reed that pierced this feeble hand,
For thorn-torn feet that Thou alone can'st see,
For the deep fount of tears by Thee told o'er,
I thank Thee, Lord, they brought me nearer Thee."

"My heart," she says, "is often vexed, and burdened, and brought low, so as even to be ready to sink within me; that is a special time of need; and oh the preciousness of the throne of grace then! What could we do without it? I just go

and open up my whole heart to God, pouring it out before Him; and oh He is a refuge for us. The Christian's is not a life of ease. We must take up the cross and follow Jesus."

"Sabbath morning, 11th January.—In every grief, under every affliction and trial, I would strengthen myself in Thee, O Lord, and rest on Thy word, for Thou art the faithful God. Thy covenant is 'an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.' 'I will not turn away from them, to do them good,' Jer. xxxii. 40. 'Blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord,' Luke i. 45. 'The Lord is faithful,' 2 Thess. iii. 3. Let me see that both my feet are standing on the everlasting Rock. And, as my Lord may come in an hour when I think not, let me henceforth be more constantly watching for His coming; 'looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.' O my Saviour, be ever near me; or rather, draw me and keep me ever near to Thee, for in Thee only have I life, and strength, and peace, and joy, and perfect salvation. Holy Spirit, dwell in me. I have often grieved Thee, but magnify Thy long-suffering love, and come and perfect the work which Thou hast begun; and oh fit me for my

holy, heavenly home above, by making me in all things like Christ my blessed Lord, for His sake. Amen."

"Give me religion that will melt the heart,
 Destroy the love of sin, and honour Christ,
 This, this alone, can prove I am the Lord's,
 Bring peace and joy, and make me fit for heav'n.
 O Holy Spirit, let Thy work go on
 Within my soul. There testify of Christ,
 Apply His precious blood, subdue my sins,
 And let my conversation be in heav'n.
 I sigh, I wrestle to get free from earth,
 To walk with God, and breathe my native air.
 The element in which my soul would live
 Is perfect holiness, in love divine.
 A closer fellowship with God I crave,
 To dwell in God, and God to dwell in me."

"*Sabbath evening, 18th January.*—M'Cheyne says, 'The hotter the summer, the streams from Lebanon become the fuller, because the heat melts the mountain snows.' So the hotter the trial, the fuller is the stream of comfort which Jesus pours in upon the soul. He loves His people, and the more they suffer, the more He sympathizes with them." This was her own frequent experience in after years, as the following extracts will shew:—

"*Wednesday evening, 22d November 1854.*—Alone. 'My times are in Thy hands,' O Lord, and

all that concerns me and mine. This I feel to be a most sweet and encouraging thought at all times, but specially so in my hours of difficulty and trial, such as the Lord has been pleased to send on us since yesterday evening at this time. Truly He has strengthened my heart. For some months past, the Lord has, in many ways, been causing our cup of domestic happiness to be very full, and often have I had reason to fear, lest either my dear husband or myself should become too necessary for each other's happiness, and lest our dear children should occupy too great and constant a place in my thoughts and affections.

"And now, Lord, that Thou hast come and called me aside privately for a while by present illness, my heart would reply, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' And oh cause me indeed to hear Thy voice in this gentle stroke of Thy rod, and truly to humble myself because of this too cold heart of mine, which often wanders so far from Thee, my Saviour God. Lord, Thou knowest I do desire to love Thee supremely. Visit me, then, most gracious God, this night with the quickening presence and power of Thy Holy Spirit, that I may have much of Thy love shed abroad in my heart. And, if it be Thy holy will, grant that this sickness may soon be removed, and that it may prove in both my dear

husband and myself a gracious visitation from our heavenly Father, in our being sanctified by it, each as we peculiarly need, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"O Lord my God, do Thou Thy Holy will,
I will lie still ;
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm,
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest."

The next entry is as follows :—*Sabbath evening, 4th March 1855.*—The Lord graciously heard our cry, and restored me to health again in a few weeks. Oh to live constantly as a stranger here ; anxious only to glorify the Lord my Saviour in each relation He has called me into—as a wife, a mother, a mistress, a sister, a friend, a neighbour—and to be daily striving after more likeness to His own glorious image, till at length He call me to my home above, to be made perfect in holiness and blessedness in His own presence for ever, through His own merits. Amen, O Lord."

Thus the Lord was carrying on His own good work in her soul, teaching her to forget the things which were behind, and to be ever reaching forth unto those things which were before, and pressing towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. A few years passed, and she

was brought into the furnace again, and this time that the great Refiner's work might be perfected.

It was in November 1861 that her last illness began. It came on in a very gradual and imperceptible manner, continuing for a considerable time in a very latent form.

The second winter after her attack, a residence for six or eight months in the milder climate of the south of England was recommended, as the most likely thing to be of permanent benefit. It was with great anxiety, and after much prayerful consultation, that this important step was entered on. But the Lord, whose guidance and direction had been so devoutly sought, in a most unexpected manner, opened up the way for it being very fully carried out. "Commit thy way to God, trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass." And as the necessary arrangements were being made this was her song:—

"I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide;
With a childlike trust I give my hand,
To the mighty Friend by my side.

"The only thing that I say to Him,
As He takes it, is 'Hold it fast,
Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me home at last.'"

On the Sabbath immediately before leaving for England, she writes :—

“ *Sabbath forenoon, 20th Sept. 1863.*—‘ O Lord, be gracious unto us ; we have waited for Thee,’ Isa. xxxiii. 2. ‘ As for me, my prayer is unto Thee, O Lord, in an acceptable time,’ Ps. lxix. 13. ‘ I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me,’ Ps. xl. 17. ‘ They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength,’ Isa. xl. 31. ‘ They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion,’ Ps. cxxv. 1. Lord, Thou knowest all things ; my secret desires, my hopes, my fears, all are well known to Thee. I rejoice in this, especially to-day, a solemn day to me, the last Sabbath I expect to spend here in my own home for many months to come. My recent weakness often whispers, ‘ You may never enter it again.’ But then God’s Holy Spirit says, ‘ In my Father’s house there are many mansions ;’ and points me to Jesus, my risen and glorified Redeemer, at His Father’s right hand, preparing a place for me there. Lord, it is enough. Into Thy hand do I commit, not only my own soul and body, but also each one of my dear family, till we all meet above.”

The place fixed on, by medical advice, for her winter residence was Bournemouth, a very beautiful, quiet, retired watering place, pleasantly situ-

ated in the centre of a small bay on the English Channel, with high cliffs overhanging a smooth, sandy sea beach, which extends for miles on either side along the shore, and where invalids can walk or drive, completely sheltered from the north winds, whilst enjoying the full heat of the sun. It lies near the western boundary of Hampshire, almost opposite to the Isle of Wight, with a fine southern exposure, embosomed in an immense garden of evergreens; open and airy, and at the same time well sheltered by the rising grounds and extensive fir plantations by which it is surrounded. It is unseen from the inland side until actually entered; and its beauty is enhanced, when all at once it comes into view, by the strong contrast which it presents to the wide tracts of wild heath through which the traveller approaches it. The climate is mild, and the atmosphere dry and bracing.

The long journey to the south was accomplished in the most quiet and comfortable manner that could have been desired. She felt as if carried in "the everlasting arms;" and after remaining a week in London, she arrived at Bournemouth without experiencing any bad effects from the journey, and with her heart full of gratitude and praise. The first entry in her journal, after her arrival, expresses in a very affecting manner one chief

reason why these notes were ever written. It is as follows :—

“*Bournemouth, Sabbath, 18th October 1863.*—
‘ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits : who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.’ In how very many ways has our heavenly Father caused goodness and mercy to follow us in our anxious step in coming here ! May it really be for the quickening and purifying of my soul, as well as the health of my body ; so that, if it be God’s holy will that I should ever return to my earthly home, it may be as one whom He has been sanctifying for His own use in this world a little longer. I would not write down much ; but an occasional note I like to make ; and one chief reason is, that my dear children, if spared, may one day see here how the Lord sustained and comforted their poor weak mother, and richly supplied all her wants, both for soul and body, causing me continually to exclaim from the heart, ‘ Bless the Lord, O my soul.’ And even at present, when far separated from earthly relatives, blessed be His name, I can ‘ rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.’ Lord Jesus, keep me ever near to Thee, and fill me with Thine own peace.

‘ Stricken, smitten, and afflicted,
Saviour, to Thy cross I cling :

Thou hast every blow directed,
Thou alone can'st healing bring.

'Try me till no dross remaineth,
And whate'er the trial be,
While Thy gentle arm sustaineth,
Closer will I cling to Thee.

'And when through deep seas of sorrow
I have gained the heavenly shore,
Bliss from every wave I'll borrow,
And for each will love Thee more.'"

At this time she was for a short while alone, her husband having returned to his duties in Scotland, but he was enabled very soon to rejoin her for the winter.

"*Sabbath, 25th October.*—God's ways are wonderful, and past all finding out. It has been fixed on during the past week, that my dearest husband be asked to come and officiate in the Scotch church here for four months, thus most unexpectedly giving us the comfortable prospect of being together for the winter. Grant, O Lord, that this may indeed prove a blessing to ourselves as well as to this people. Suffer me not to get more cold or careless. Keep me, O my gracious God, as simply and continually looking to Thee, and waiting on Thee, as Thou hast so sweetly enabled me to do of late while alone. What is so

blessed as the exercise of simple faith in a covenant God and Father! But let me watch and pray. Lord, increase my faith, and keep me from falling, and cause all this to work for our mutual good."

Then a few days after, her thoughts turning homewards, and her mother's heart going out in longing desires for the spiritual welfare of her children, she writes:—

"*Sabbath, 1st November.*—This is my dear little girl's birthday, also the communion Sabbath at home. Oh, for Thy quickening, saving power, Lord, to be put forth, that many may be blessed, and may my dear children be among the number! But no more with pen and ink; not very able for it in body, and not much inclined in spirit; I would rather go direct to Jesus and tell Him all. He sees and regards the desires of my soul, when I can hardly find words to express them. I was much comforted this forenoon with these words, 'Lord, all my *desire* is before Thee, my groaning is not hid from Thee.' And this evening I met with these few simple but expressive words of a young woman in Adelaide Newton's Memoir, 'But I tell Him all about it, and that always takes the weight off me.' Then again, at page 213, she just expresses what I have so often experienced of late, 'There is such a secret between

us and God, that our spirits only, and not our tongues, can give utterance to it.”

Writing to her aunt she says:—“Here I am enjoying the real treat of a good deal of most profitable reading, which I am amply provided with by my kind friend Miss B——. I have already read a delightful volume, ‘Doing and Suffering,’ the memorials of Mr Bickersteth’s two daughters; also the Life of Dr Williams of the Patagonian Mission, which I had not read before; and now I am finishing the ‘Memoir of Adelaide Newton,’ by my old minister Mr Baillie. We have also a reading-aloud book, by Charlotte Elizabeth, besides missionary intelligence, &c.; and having a piano, I am enabled to play a few tunes to Jeanie; so that you see I am well provided with everything.”

“Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish that I possess not here?”

She derived great spiritual comfort from the perusal of “Doing and Suffering,” copying out in pencil some of the sentences which she specially enjoyed, and the experience described in which was just her own. We give one or two: “I think one of God’s special ways of humbling spiritual pride and delighting in self, is by permitting very small obstacles to make us stumble;” to which she adds, “Oh how often I have felt this!” “When

we see God's hand in any little passing trouble, the pain is not gone, but the bitterness is." "Nature says, 'Sickness is a hard master;' but grace says 'Sickness is my Father's servant;'" to which she subjoins, "Sweet thought this!" As Rutherford subsequently but significantly expresses it, she was evidently learning "to make evils her great good, and to spin comforts, peace, joy, communion with Christ out of all her troubles; feeling that this school of suffering is a preparation for the King's higher house."

On the first Sabbath after her husband's return to Bournemouth, she was able to be in church. It was her last visit to God's house on earth, to which she had so often delighted to go, and the services of which she was soon to exchange for those of God's house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. She writes:—

"*Sabbath evening, 15th Nov.* — God having graciously sent a very fine, calm, mild day, and having given me the needful strength, I was privileged once again to go up to the house of the Lord, and I enjoyed the exercises greatly. 'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord.' Very precious; Lord, may it be a savour of life unto many souls. May my dear husband's labours here, in public and private, be all done unto Thee,

and owned by Thee, O Lord. And now that in Thy mercy Thou hast graciously brought us together again, oh grant us more grace, that we may seek more habitually and earnestly to walk together as heirs of the grace of life, that our prayers be not hindered."

"*Sabbath, 22d Nov.*—Not at church to-day;—feeling weak. I have just been reading this in Samuel Rutherford:—'The sanctified cross is a fruitful tree: it bringeth forth many apples.' The Lord grant it may so indeed to me. Oh deliver me from such an evil as a cross and no blessing with it. Here I am surrounded with many mercies and enjoyments, such as dear Christian friends, time for reading, &c.; still the dividing of our little family at present is a considerable trial, kept very much to my own bosom, but quite well known to my heavenly Father. And this past week, in the illness of our little boy, I feel God has given me another anxiety as a new test of faith and submission. Oh! that it may work for good to us all! Again Rutherford says, 'See what a fair legacy your dying Friend! Christ hath left you, and there wanteth nothing but possession.' And then he sweetly adds, 'Your Lord hath a choice of ten thousand other crosses besides this one to exercise you withal, but His wisdom and love chose out this for you beside them all.'

Take it as a choice one, and make use of it. Let the Lord absolutely have the ordering of all **your** evils and troubles, and put them off you by recommending your cross and your furnace to Him who hath skill to melt his own metal, and knoweth what to do with His furnace. Let your heart be willing that God's fire have your tin and brass and dross.' Lord, make it so with me."

Sabbath, 29th Nov.—A bright beautiful day. Many away to God's sanctuary. A little sore throat keeps me at home. But how delightful to be able, in great measure, to unite in spirit with those assembled there. I have been asking that the Lord would come and shine in the midst of His people everywhere to-day; and specially that He would make His goings to be seen, and His glorious presence felt, in the assembly here and at home. My prayer for my dear husband this morning is, that he may be endued with power from on high, and enabled rightly to divide the word to each soul."

"Sabbath evening, 27th Dec.—Pretty weak to-day; but how heartily my soul enters into this:—"To know the Lord Jesus is our Friend surpasses every earthly good, and is better than the possession of a thousand worlds. To have Him to go to, to lay before Him all our wants, to express our fears, to plead His promises, to expect that because He has

promised he will fulfil, is worth more than the world can give. His ear is ever open to the cry of His people.'

'He nothing knows who knows not this,
That earth can yield no settled bliss;
No lasting portion give.
He all things knows, who knows to place
His hopes in Christ's redeeming grace,
Who died that we might live.'"

These secret communings of her soul with God shew how entirely He was her portion. In the midst of all her weakness and trial, she was dwelling in the secret place of the Most High, and under the shadow of the Almighty. He was feeding her also with the finest of the wheat; and satisfying her even as with marrow and fatness. And, moreover, He was sitting as a purifier of silver; the furnace was hot, but the dross and tin were being quickly purged away.

"IT IS GOOD FOR ME THAT I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED."
—Ps. cxix. 71.



CHAPTER VIII.

Maternal Anxieties.

"BEHOLD, I AND THE CHILDREN WHOM THE LORD HATH GIVEN
ME." —ISA. VIII. 18.

"THE ANGEL WHICH REDEEMED ME FROM ALL EVIL, BLESS THE
LADS." —GEN. XLVIII. 16.

"If He lay His hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know ;
For a blessing for ever and ever
Will follow them as they go.

"Then Christ said, ' Forbid not the children ;
Permit them to come unto me !'
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee ;


"And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers,
And blessed them with tenderest love."





CHAPTER VIII.

Maternal Anxieties.

HE influence of parental character on children," says Cecil, "is not to be calculated." "Consistency is the great character in good parents, which impresses children." Again, "Christians are imbibing so much of the cast and temper of the age, that they seem to be anxiously tutoring their children and preparing them by all manner of means, not for a better world, but for the present." These are solemn and weighty words, and in the case of many with a Christian profession, it is to be feared they are only too true. It was not so with Mrs L. Whilst most careful about her children's temporal good, she was above all anxiously concerned to train them up for God

and for eternity. She ever sought to present religion to their minds in a cheerful, happy, attractive form, carefully avoiding whatever might tend to associate the service of Christ with what is morose and gloomy. She felt the greatest delight in it herself, and always studied to impress on them that only in loving and serving Jesus can true and abiding happiness be enjoyed. They were taught to regard the Sabbath as "the happy day," and she endeavoured on it so to interest them in the things of God, as to make it such. Among other plans, one was that pointed out in "The Child of the Kingdom." The picture of some Scripture object, such as a crown, or a dove, or a palm-tree, having been previously drawn in a paper book kept for the purpose, texts were sought for in which the object was spoken of, and then these were neatly written out on the vacant spaces of the page. Her chief desire was to see her children drawn to Jesus; and for this end, every fitting opportunity was prayerfully embraced to speak to them of Him and His love. This will be seen in the two following letters written to her eldest girl. The one was written shortly after she had first left home for school, and the other on the last occasion of her birth-day.

"Broxburn, 14th March 1868.—My Dearest

Dora, I was glad to get your nice long note this evening. You express yourself very naturally, I mean just as if you were speaking to me, which is the right way. Jeanie was much delighted with her *favour*, which she wore on Tuesday for the Prince of Wales' marriage. Papa was glad to give the boys the treat of being in Edinburgh, and mama was very happy all quiet at home, and I prayed that all our dear children might be God's children, and love Jesus, and think often of Him and the glorious City above, in which, He says, there are many mansions. The bright day of the New Jerusalem never fades, and the inhabitants are never weary. Do you remember the hymn we all learned in the Sabbath school,—

‘I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;’ &c.

“Try and think over some of its verses; and may my own dear little girl feel that there is none like Jesus to her, that He is a precious Saviour indeed, and an almighty, loving Friend. Papa left this afternoon for a meeting at Livingstone. It is the first time he has been there since their little girl died. She was taken, and you got better. But your turn to be called away is coming; are you ready? Papa was down seeing Kate twice to-day.

When he remarked how weak she was, she said, '*Yes, but my heart is strong towards Christ.*' He was delighted to hear her speak so. She seems just about to be taken, but is quietly resting on Jesus, and you know that He keeps safe all who commit themselves to Him. Read 2 Tim. i. 12. And oh don't put off a single day in seeking Jesus. I hope you are asking God to make you His own child. Remember the text of our last Sabbath's sermon, 1 Peter ii. 10, also Jer. xxxi. 33, 34. What precious promises these are! And God, by your mother, is speaking to you just now, saying that He will do this for you. You know who prays for you every day."

"*Bournemouth, 31st October 1863.*—My dearest Dora, to-morrow, the 1st November, will be your birthday, and you will be eleven years old. Mama does not forget it, and though I am not beside you to give you a kiss and pray alone with you, as we used to do at home, yet be sure you are ever much in my thoughts; and the older you grow, the more anxiously does your dear mother long to know that you have given your heart to Jesus. This will be my special prayer for you to-morrow, that God may draw you to Himself, and give you His Holy Spirit to make you know and feel how precious Jesus is. Now I don't want to weary you.

Ah! when Jesus reveals His beauty, and love, and grace to my dear child, she will not weary, but will herself speak and write to mama about Him. I ask Him very often to do it; but do you ever ask Him yourself? Oh do it now; it is not too soon. Think how dull I would be here all alone, and how frightened to be ill, if I had not Jesus my dear Saviour always with me, speaking to me such blessed words of peace and love. Here is one: 'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins,' Isa. xliii. 25. Is not that just what you would like, my dearest Dora? Take all your desires and wants to this gracious Saviour, who still cries, 'Come unto me.'

"You do not often get a pen and ink letter from mama now, but I have written this one, and I hope you will love to keep it and read it again. And if God is pleased to let me and my dear child meet again, do you know what I am purposing to bring to you? a neat small desk, to keep your writing paper and favourite letters in. I was not much older than you, when I began to copy short pieces of poetry that I met with and liked, also sentences out of books, and these, with any little things I valued, I kept in my desk,—the same one I have at home, and which I got from my dear papa when I was a

little girl. I am thankful to be able to say that I feel a little stronger, particularly on your dear papa's account, during his absence, it will make him so happy. But mama knows well how quickly a little cold would make her very weak, and so nothing but having Jesus for my dear Saviour, and ever present Friend, keeps me happy.

"There is a piano here, and I play our sweet hymns, and dear Jeanie sings in her own fashion, but I miss my other bairns' voices. I send you a little gold locket as a birthday gift, with your own dear mother's hair plaited in it. I put in also two wee bits of heather, which I pulled expressly for you in my pleasant walk yesterday in the Pine grove, near where I live. There is a sweet spot there which I love to go to. Can you guess why mama calls it a *sweet* spot? I will tell you. First, it is so sheltered from every wind; and if the sun shines anywhere, it is sure to be there, through the large openings in the bright green trees. And then it is quite away from all noise and bustle, only the sweet voices of the little birds singing among the branches to be heard. And yesterday mama did enjoy it so much, praying as she stood in the bright sunshine, that she might ever so stand in Jesus' love; and praying especially for you that on receiving my letter, Jesus would shine bright with His

love into your heart, and fill it with love to Himself. Ever your own fond mother."

The one trial connected with her residence in the south of England, was the great distance from home, and the long separation from her children. But this only led her the oftener to cast them entirely on the Lord. Writing to her aunt, she says:—"My only care is about the three children from whom I am so far separated at present. And this care I do seek to take just as it rises, and to spread it before the Lord, and leave it with Him. How blessed to know that He is never weary of hearing us, and will be gracious at the voice of our cry! In this way I just have the more errands to the throne of grace; and is not that one of my blessings springing out of this present trial? I have been knitting comforters for the two boys, and sent them by post last week. Dear little fellows, many prayers will ascend for them this winter, as well as for Dora. It is a great comfort they have a kind grandmother to be with, and she is so happy to have them."

To a friend she writes:—"I feel wonderfully enabled to commit them continually to God's gracious keeping, which always keeps the mind at rest, and nothing else can. How blessed to know that He is ever waiting to be gracious! Isa. xxx.

18. I have often been much encouraged by that precious passage, to think that the great and glorious and infinite Jehovah should never be weary of the feeble cry of poor, guilty, foolish creatures such as we are, but have His ear ever open unto our prayers. This is wondrous grace. I know you will say so from the heart too. Let us then not be so backward to come unto Him with all our difficulties and trials, just as they arise.

“I think Satan often succeeds in this wicked device,—making us put off pouring out our hearts before God. Ah, he knows well that darkens and distresses God’s children. He can’t bear that we should walk in the light of God’s countenance, and so he whispers through our evil hearts, ‘Wait a little; it is vexing, but you will pray about it at night, or by and by.’ Our strength and blessedness are to resist the devil, and go at once boldly to the throne of grace, no matter where we are or what we are about, since God’s ear is ever open to us, and our hearts’ secret desires and prayers are all known to, and heard by Him. May we have more of this immediate dealing with God in all our difficulties, experiencing the truth of His word, ‘I will instruct thee and teach thee,’ Ps. xxxii. 8.

Shortly after her arrival in Bournemouth, tidings reached her of the dangerous illness of her eldest boy.

"Sabbath Forenoon, 6th December.—Since Friday we have been anxious about our dear boy, and accounts this morning make us more so. I have been reading Luke viii. 50 : 'But when Jesus heard it, He answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.' And I desire to put my trust only in the Lord, and, in faith, to go and tell Jesus all my sorrow; and also to fear not but believe, that if it be for dear Jim's good, He will even yet raise him up again to love and serve Him, as He did this ruler's child of old. How precious is the sympathy of Jesus, and how real! 'Jesus wept.' What two short words ever contained so much for an afflicted believer to meditate on? In the Lord of life and glory, the mighty God, we may at all times find the sympathizing Jesus. I feel that I could not unburden my heavy anxious heart to any earthly friend this day, as He has enabled me to do to Him. Doing so in His ear, calms and strengthens me; and I would seek to have new and more close and blessed fellowship with Him, my glorified and exalted elder Brother (peculiarly the Brother born for adversity), in this my hour of new sorrow. I do most fully realize that I shall never see my dear Jim on earth again, unless it is God's will to interpose, and send him renewed strength. A few days, or it may be hours,

and this will be seen. Even now I know it is all appointed by God, and 'good is the will of the Lord.' And the two special desires of my heart this day are, that our gracious heavenly Father may, by His Holy Spirit, prepare us for all His will, both dear Jim himself, and us, his absent parents; and that there may be some special fruit out of this new affliction to the glory of our dear Redeemer."

The little boy having had a relapse, and being considered somewhat in danger, his father was obliged to return to Scotland to see him, and she writes:—" *Friday, 11th December.*—I have heard to-night of my dear husband's safe arrival in Dundee; and, in God's great mercy, dear Jim is a little better. May the Lord reveal Himself to us all in His glorious grace, as we each peculiarly require, in this cloud, the only one in a sky bright with much mercy and love. And then we will bliss Him for the cloud above everything else.

" 'Oh my Father, Thou art wise, and Thy ways are full of love,
Let me meekly tread the path, Thou hast marked for me
below;

In Thy home of light above, all Thy dealings we shall know.
Sweet to know that mercy brought every message sent by love,
Tokens of a Father's care, whisp'ring of our home above.'

How kind my heavenly Father is! He keeps me

now quite free from anxiety. I can just leave dear Jim entirely in His hands ; His holy will is best."

" *Sabbath Evening, 20th December.*—My dear husband safe back to me and this people again ; James still improving, and the other three children all well. This is a new and great mercy. My cry would still be, O Lord, shew us Thy mercy in drawing them all to Thyself. Grant unto us the joy of seeing them delighting themselves in Thee, rejoicing in Christ Jesus the Pearl of great price, seeking to be led by the Holy Spirit every day, and having their eyes fixed on that glorious home above where Jesus is, and where His children are all to be gathered at last to dwell with Him for ever. O Lord, Thou art not slow to bless, but art waiting to be gracious. Enlarge and quicken my desires, strengthen my faith, and do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask or think, for Thine own name's sake. Amen."

These extracts shew very fully the deep feelings of maternal affection which filled her heart, and, specially, the prayerful anxiety which she cherished for the spiritual welfare of her children. The same appears in the simple familiar letters which she used to write to them during the course of the winter. We give a few extracts. They may interest and encourage some young mother, whose

desire it is to bring up her little ones for Christ:—

“*Moorland Cottage, Bournemouth, 16th November 1863.*—My dearest James, I hope you are feeling better to-night, and that God, our heavenly Father, will soon make you quite well again. How thankful mama is to know that He is beside her dear boy to bless him and to take care of him, even far better than she could! I am sending you a nice little book, called ‘The Rainy Day.’ I have sent the same to Dora. I am sure you will like to read it, if you are able. Jessie will read to you the bit on pages 12 and 13 which I have marked. And oh, tell Jesus everything. Perhaps He has sent this illness just to lead you to do that. You know He loves little children, and He wants them all to come to Him. Good-bye, papa and mama are asking God to make their dear Jim better soon.”

“*Bournemouth, 17th Nov. 1863.*—My dearest Dora, along with your letter last night, we received one telling us that dear Jim is ill with fever, and so poor mama’s heart has been very sore since then. But Jesus is able to bless us; and when I am sorry to be so far away from my little boy, it just makes me the oftener all the day ask Jesus to be near him, and to bless him. As the hymn says, ‘I lay my griefs on Jesus.’ You have often sung

these sweet words; may you also learn to do what they say while you are young!

“I have always forgot to tell you how surprised I was to see your first attempt at a sewed collar—the one you sent me by papa. It is very desirable to be able to do all kinds of sewing; but remember in everything you begin with, study to persevere in it sufficiently long, to bring it to a tolerable state of perfection; not merely to do a little bit of embroidery, crotchet, &c., but to be steady at one thing until you can do it well. When you are tempted sometimes to be impatient at your lessons and music—as I know I was, and as I suppose every little girl is—mama wishes you to think for a moment, and to ask Jesus to help you to be patient; and this, not only that you may please dear papa and me, but that you may begin now to seek to please Him. Who should you love and try to please like Him? So when you are alone practising, and are getting wearied, think what cure your dear mother advised you to try, and tell me if it does not succeed.

“The most trying thing to me just now is to be so far away, and for so long, from my dear children, and specially when any of you are ill; but I am quite sure this just makes me all the more ask God to watch over and bless you. And I am praying for,

and hoping soon to see the day when my dear little girl will know God as her own God and Father in Jesus Christ."

"*Thursday Evening, 26th Nov. 1868.*—My dearest James, We were glad to hear this morning that you are keeping better. Papa and I have been reading Psalm ciii. together after tea, and gave thanks to God for making you a little stronger; and we will continue to ask Him to make you quite well again soon, if it be His holy will. And, dear Jim, oh I hope you do love Jesus, and try to please God, who is every day shewing you so much mercy, and, above all, who gave His own dear Son to die for us lost sinners. 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.' 2 Cor. ix. 15. That is dear Zander's verse. It gives mama great pleasure to hear that he is so well."

"*Monday, 30th Nov.*—My dearest James, I enclose you to-day a small note-book, which I saw in a shop here, and thought very neat with its ruled pages and red edges. I thought you would like it for a jotting-book, to write your favourite texts and verses in; and perhaps you will let mama see it some day. As you get better you must not expect Jessie to be always beside you, for grandmother will require her; so just say, 'Please, Jessie, come back when you can.' I sent

you, a piece of rosemary yesterday. I am very fond of it. There is a large bush of it in front here, also a beautiful verbena, and a plant of lavender, and pretty shrubs of many kinds, the arbutus and lauristinus, all in flower. I think it very kind in Mrs W—— to bring you flowers. Give her mama's love when you see her next. Now, dear Jim, good bye. And may this be a happy illness to you, which it will be, if it bring you, like Mary, to the feet of Jesus. I have written so often, of late, to my sick son, that my cheery little man Zander has been overlooked, but papa is writing to him to-night."

Just as these pages are passing through our hands, the younger of her two boys, Alexander, "the cheery little man" mentioned above, has been taken, we trust, to the bosom of the Good Shepherd, who says, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God;" and to whom he had been so often committed by his mother in faith and prayer. Like the Shunammite's son, "he said unto his father, my head, my head," and after twelve days of sore suffering, which he bore with remarkable patience, "then he died." "Is it well with the child? It is well." Of late, each Sabbath morning, he had been in the habit of writing a sermon, after

his own fashion, which was preached to his little brother and their nurse in the afternoon, between the morning and evening services; and it is interesting to find that on the last Sabbath before his illness, the text he selected was 1 John i. 7, the words of which, so far as we are aware, form the only intelligible piece of writing he ever wrote. "They are printed in large rough capitals:—"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST, HIS SON, CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN." And the 23d Psalm is the one marked down to be sung.

"The Sabbath sun rose bright and clear,
When his was setting on us here,
To shine more bright in yonder sphere—
Farewell, we'll meet again."

"I stood beside thy silent bed,
Thy marble brow was cold and dead,
Thy gentle soul was fled, was fled—
Dear boy, we'll meet again."

"*Bournemouth, 7th December 1868.*—My dearest Dora, We had a note yesterday telling us that dear Jim has not been so well. And as it has made us very anxious, papa has sent a message by telegraph to enquire how he is to-day. And while mama prays that God may restore him, if it be His will, we also seek to be made quite ready for all our heavenly Father's will, which, we know,

is always best. How sad it would be to have an anxiety and trial like this, and no throne of grace to go to, and no dear Saviour to lean on and to whisper in our ear, 'It is I, be not afraid. My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

"*Friday, 11th December 1868.*—My dearest James, I am not so tired to day, so I am to send you a longer note. I know you are very weak, and when mama feels she would like so much to be beside you, she just asks Jesus to take you into His arms. He has strong, almighty, because divine arms, and can never be weary bearing you, or any of His dear children; and He can never let them fall, but keeps them safe until He lands them on the other side of Jordan, in the heavenly Canaan. Mama felt that when she was so very weak last winter. Do you remember me writing to you this sweet verse?

‘On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.’

“Dear Jim, I hope you know Jesus is beside you, and loves you, and will only do what is best. We all hope to see Him soon. Here is a verse I read to-day: I remember teaching it to you all, ‘Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.’ We love

Jesus even now, though we do not see Him, but when we see Him as He is, oh won't it be a glorious blessed heaven: Jesus in the midst, and all His redeemed people round about Him, beholding His glory! If it is God's will, I know you will soon get better, and, I believe, live to love and serve Him (these are the very words I offer up so often in prayer for you). And if not, then I am still happy, for I know we shall soon meet to praise our dear Saviour above. God is keeping mama's heart in great peace, and oh I would like to know if Jesus is giving you peace too. Here is a sweet verse, 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.' It is one of Jesus' kind promises, and you know that if we ask Him, He is sure to do all He says. Ever your own dear mother."

"*Bournemouth, 13th December 1863.*—My dearest James, I enclose a few verses of a favourite hymn for you to-night. I have been seeking out references in my old Bible, a text for each line. Papa will turn up one at a time and read it to you, and it will be a little message to you from dear mama, or rather, from Jesus himself. I am not strong enough to go to church yet, but Mary (papa knows her) told me that Mr Johnstone prayed so nicely for us all, and specially for you, at the Sabbath school. And my dear Jim, you know Jesus him-

self shewed how He loved little children, for when they were brought to Him, He did not let them just stand at His side, but took them up in His arms, laid His hands on them, and blessed them. And Jesus is the same still. He cannot change, because He is the Son of God. So when mama heard of your being a little better, she just felt that Jesus had done for her dear boy what we have all been asking. 'If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven,' Matt. xviii. 19. We have now had our evening worship, and Mr West read the 20th Psalm, and remembered us all before the Lord. I have now had a happy little talk with my dear Jim, who, I hope, feels Jesus the Good Shepherd is watching over him, and will lead him in the right way."

"*Bournemouth, 18th December 1863.*—This has been a very calm, bright day. I write just now, in the forenoon, that I may only have a P.S. to add after dear papa arrives, which, I hope, will be at half-past four. You may be sure I am very anxious to see him, and expect he will be quite wearied before he gets all my questions answered. I feel that God is very gracious to us, in giving you a dear grandmama, and uncles, and aunts, who are

so kind to you and Zander, when we are away; and we will not forget, I am sure, to ask Jesus to bless them and their children, by making all their hearts glad with His own love. I have found a pretty little hymn which I will copy for you, instead of writing a longer letter.

“O Saviour, hear a little child
Who knows not how to pray,
On earth Thy face so meek and mild
Was never turned away.

“The children gather’d to Thy breast,
Have found a blessed home,
Where safe from every sin they rest,
Where I do hope to come.

“I ask Thee for a heart to try
To please Thee day by day,
Thy love to lead me back, when I
From Thy commandments stray.

“Do Thou, O Lord, my sins forgive,
These sins that wound Thee sore,
And teach me every day I live
To love and serve Thee more.”

“You cannot be wearying so much to see me as your dear mother is to see you. But I am very thankful to God, and praise Him for making you so much better; and I ask Him to let us all meet again in happiness and peace, in His own good time, if it be His holy will.”

“Moorland Cottage, Bournemouth, 4th January 1864.—My dearest Dora, Here is my first note to you this year, and it must express my earnest wish that this year may be the happiest you have yet seen, because the year when you will begin really to love the Lord and to serve Him. I am to send you a nice little book that was given to the Sabbath-school children here. But remember that all our books and sermons are intended first to bring us to Jesus, and to lead us to give Him our hearts, and then after that, they help us to know Him better; and that is why His children love them. I hope you will get safe back from Torphichen to school to-morrow. Mrs Duns wrote very kindly to me about you. Do try to be a diligent happy girl, and kind to those around you. Think often of Jesus, and pray to be like Him. His own Holy Spirit alone can change our wicked hearts, and He will do it if we ask Him.”

In a note to a friend at home she thus writes;—
“Oh how I do pray that the Lord may even now draw her to Himself! You will believe that all the more must my heart go out in constant longing after this, when I am so far separated from her, and never see her; and often I am much encouraged in writing a word in my notes, when I think that feeble and unworthy as both it and

my prayers may be, these are the means which God has bid us use, and *will* bless."

And then referring to the Lord's dealings with some in the congregation, during a winter of much and deep affliction, she adds:—"God's hand has been stretched out both on our family and on yours, also on Miss Y., and on A. T., on Mr S., and now on A. P.; and our prayer should be, 'Lord, quicken every soul among us, that henceforth we who are spared may live for Thee.' We do feel deeply for poor Mrs P., and A., under the loss of their only son; but we trust they may look up, and see and *rest* their eye on Him who has seen good to smite. He looks down on them in tender sympathy and love. The hand that has sent this stroke is the hand of our heavenly Father, who gave up His only begotten and well beloved Son to the awful sufferings which man cannot fathom, and to the cursed death of the cross, for us guilty sinners; and surely *it must be* a hand of love. But He is a jealous God, and often we, as it were, bring His chastening hand upon ourselves; for He will have the first place in our hearts, and requires in us a single eye to His glory, in our private as well as in our more public life."

"*Bournemouth, 14th January 1864.*—My dearest James, I was to have written in the afternoon, but

two ladies called. They were dear Christian friends, and it is a great pleasure which mama enjoys here, so often seeing such as them. Christians soon know and love each other, whether they are old or young. Don't think you need to be a day older to love Jesus, and to rejoice in Him as your Saviour. No; you should love Him now. And then, like my cousin 'little Tilda,' as she was called, you would take your little brother and sisters into a corner and speak to them about Jesus, and His love which made Him come down from heaven to suffer and die for us. She was just six years old when she shewed she loved the Lord, and soon after she took ill and died. Was it not delightful that she had listened to Jesus, and given her young heart to Him? For you see she was ready to leave her dear mother, though she loved her so much, to go to be for ever with Jesus whom she loved best. Mama is just going to her usual after-tea prayer-time for you all."

"*Bournemouth, 21st January 1864.*—My dearest Jim, I know that dear papa would far rather write himself than let me write, but I have had a rest on the sofa, and now wish to send you a little note from my own hand to-night. This has been such a mild sunny day, that papa ordered a donkey-chair, and I had a nice pleasant drive from twelve to one ;

and, of course, Jeanie was with me, and papa walking beside. The air was mild, and I enjoyed it very much, not having been out for three weeks before. My cough, however, has not been so well since last week, and, as I don't feel quite so strong, the doctor wishes me to take as much nourishing food as I can, and I am trying to do it. And then, you and Zander can ask God to bless mama's food to make her strong, though I eat it here and you are in Dundee. That is just what I do for you. If God gives us His blessing with anything, it will do us good; and as He is kindly giving me many comforts and great quietness here, I am hoping He may yet send me home to you a little, perhaps a good deal, stronger."

The hope here expressed, however, of renewed strength, and a return to her earthly home, was never to be realized. God was preparing some better thing for her,—a place in the everlasting home above, to which He was now so soon to call her.

"I GO TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU. AND IF I GO AND PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU, I WILL COME AGAIN, AND RECEIVE YOU TO MYSELF; THAT WHERE I AM, THERE YE MAY BE ALSO."—JOHN XIV. 2, 3.

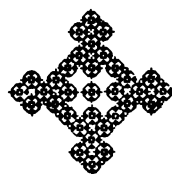
CHAPTER IX.

Perfect Peace.

"THOU WILT KEEP HIM IN PERFECT PEACE, WHOSE MIND IS STAYED
ON THEE; BECAUSE HE TRUSTETH IN THEE." —ISAIAH XXVI. 3.

"I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

" 'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name,
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same."





CHAPTER IX.

Perfect Peace.

“**P**EACE I leave with you, My peace I give unto you.” This peace which Christ has bequeathed is the peace of a full assurance of forgiveness and eternal life in Him, and is the common heritage of all who believe in His name. It is not necessarily an attainment far on in the Christian life, or to be experienced only on certain occasions. It may be enjoyed even from the very first, and it is the believer’s constant privilege. It is the good news of a full, free, present salvation in Christ that the gospel brings to us ; it is simply in believing these that we are filled with all joy and peace ; and for a continuance of this peace, we have only to “hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto

the end." In believing on the name of the Son of God, we *have* eternal life, and God wishes us to know and to rejoice in the full assurance of it, 1 John v. 13.

Amidst all the weakness and pain through which Mrs L. was called to pass, she was enabled, by the exercise of a simple faith in Christ's blood, to enjoy much of this blessed peace. As she herself expresses it, she "lay sweetly in the light of God's reconciled countenance." She knew that she had eternal life, and that to be "absent from the body" was to be "present with the Lord." Writing to her aunt, after referring to her great weakness, and the oppression often felt in breathing, she says, "But oh, how much I have to be thankful for! no sickness, no headache, and, in general, wonderfully good sleep; and, above all, God's favour in Jesus. Ah! aunt Mary, what is like that? It is 'better than life.'"

This was her usual frame of mind. Her reliance on God's sure word, and on Christ's finished work, was most unwavering. She felt that these formed an immoveable rock, on which she could with all confidence take her stand; and making these the one ground of her hope, she was not troubled with distressing doubts and fears regarding her personal salvation, but enjoyed "great peace," and "rejoiced

in hope of the glory of God." And when people spoke of the difficulty, and almost impossibility of having assurance, she used to wonder how they could live quietly without it. She herself, though knowing well what it was to groan under inward corruption, and to strive against sin, yet, by God's grace, had got the momentous question of her acceptance so thoroughly settled, on such sure grounds, at the commencement of her Christian course, that it never seemed materially to trouble her again.

At that time, she obtained a very full and clear view of God's wondrous plan for saving the lost, and of His rich, free sovereign grace to us in Christ. She saw that Christ, as our Substitute, had done *all* that was needful for our eternal salvation; that He had put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself; and that, God being well pleased for His righteousness sake, she had just to be well pleased with Christ too; and, as an undone sinner, place all her confidence in Him. She felt that Christ and His work were all-sufficient—that nothing more was required,—and that through simply resting on Him, without any goodness whatever in herself, she was made "complete in Him," as righteous and well-pleasing to God as Jesus the Righteous One Himself,—because made the righteousness of God in

Him. And so fully did she apprehend this great truth, and trust in Christ's all-sufficiency, that from that time "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, kept her heart and mind by Christ Jesus." Not that she lived on the past, but was ever "looking unto Jesus," in a constant simple dependence on Him. The great simplicity, and undoubting confidence, which marked her faith at the outset, continued very much throughout the whole of her after life, and hence the abundance of peace which she enjoyed. Christ's blood and righteousness were her confidence at the beginning; and she "held the beginning of her confidence steadfast unto the end."

An elderly woman, whom we once met in the west of Scotland, had, shortly before, been brought to taste and see that the Lord is gracious. She had for many years been a decent, respectable, church-going person, a religious woman without a new heart, and, trusting to her own goodness, she thought that all was well with her for ever. But, like very many in these late "days of the right hand of the Most High," she had been powerfully awakened, and made to see that her religion was only a cold, lifeless, form, and that she herself was nothing but a lost sinner in the sight of God. After a season of deep spiritual distress, she found

rest for her weary soul in Christ; and her own simple, yet most expressive, account of it was this:—"At last I came and cast myself down at the feet of Jesus, and I just mean *to lie there.*"

That is the only place where it is safe for any one to lie. Over every other spot the dark thunder-cloud of God's wrath, ready to burst, hovers continually. The best of men, and the worst of men, are alike condemned and lost; and it is only at the feet of Jesus that mercy is obtained, and true peace with God found; and it is in continuing to lie there, resting the whole weight of the soul's salvation on the all-sufficiency of Christ's precious blood, that abiding peace and full assurance are enjoyed.

It is a great fact that the moment we are led to come by faith, as lost sinners, to the cross, and cast ourselves wholly on Christ, the mighty question of our state before God, and our eternal salvation, is settled,—and it is settled for ever. We then at once pass from death unto life, and never again can come into condemnation. For we then become one with Christ, members of His body; and in Him, our glorious Head, we have already endured the whole of the infinite curse which our sins deserve. We have died in Him, and, like Him, death hath no more dominion over us. In

the words of one deeply taught of God, "we have, in Christ, stood at God's bar and been condemned, and the sentence has been executed to the extinction, not of our persons, but of our personality, and we henceforth stand before God only as members of Christ." His death was our death; and, therefore, His "blood cleanses us from all sin." His righteousness is our righteousness; and, therefore, we are "made the righteousness of God in Him." His life is our life; and, therefore, because He lives we shall live also.

"With Christ we died to sin,
Lay buried in His tomb;
But quicken'd now with Him, 'our Life,'
We stand beyond our doom.

"Our God, in wondrous love,
Hath raised us who were dead;
And in the heavenlies made us sit
In Christ, our living Head.

"For us He now appears
Within the veil above;
Accepted and complete in Him,
We triumph in His love."

Thus, every believing sinner is as safe for eternity as Christ and His Father can make him. "I give unto them eternal life," says Jesus, "and they shall never perish." They "are kept by the power

of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." This surely is "strong consolation," and, when really believed and trusted in, must give "great peace." It is not looking in on ourselves, but out on Christ; it is seeing His fulness and freeness, and simply resting on Him, that imparts perfect peace to the soul. And this is the common privilege of all God's children. It was the spiritual frame which Mrs L. was enabled habitually to maintain.

When first taken ill, she told her medical attendant that he need not be afraid to tell her all he thought, for it would in no way greatly alarm or agitate her, she felt so fully assured that it was her loving Father, who doeth all things well, that was ordering her lot. And this same calm, peaceful state of mind continued, apparently without any interruption, on to the very end.

About this time, when alone at her usual season for private prayer, she wrote down for meditation some favourite texts, which very clearly shew where her "treasure" was, as well as the settled and sustaining peace which she enjoyed. No remarks are made, just the verses written. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is afar off," Isaiah xxxiii. 17. "I know that my Redeemer liveth. And though after

my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God : whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold," Job xix. 26. "Arise, shine ; for thy light is come," Isaiah lx. 1. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," Matt. xxv. 34. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father," Matt. xiii. 43. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne," Rev. iii. 21.

Another day she writes as follows :—"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee," Jer. xxxi. 3. 'Having loved His own which were in the world He loved them unto the end,' John xiii. 1. And at length He 'presents them faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,' Jude 24. 'Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee,' and can even now 'rejoice in hope of the glory of God.' And in the midst of all outward trials, blessed be Thy holy name, Thou givest me to rejoice in Thee, and to praise and adore the grace which enables me to cry 'Abba Father.' 'Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should

be called the sons of God!' Remember, O Lord, this Thine own word unto me, and graciously grant that all my trials may work together for my good, sanctifying me more and more unto Thyself, that I may glorify Thee more, in my body, and in my spirit, which are Thine."

"And am I one with Jesus? Matchless love!
He makes my guilt, and shame, and sorrow His—
His grace and righteousness and life are mine—
And on Him, in Him, with Him, I shall live."

Sometimes, without any special assignable cause, she had days of great weakness and prostration, which made her feel how very precarious her state was, and which filled all around her with deep anxiety. On one of these occasions the following note in pencil was written:—

"*Sabbath Evening.*—I have felt this to be a very solemn day, so unusually weak in body, yet, by God's great mercy, a very sweet and pleasant day. I did not think of writing down anything, but seeing James' pencil at hand, I felt an opportunity offered of once here silently recording the loving-kindness of the Lord to me, His unworthy child. Truly, He has this day fed my soul, and comforted and upheld me with His own right hand, and given me to lie sweetly in the light of His reconciled countenance. I do *quite feel* that were a little

more pain or weakness to overtake me just now, this poor, frail, sinking (as it seems to be) body would fall; but my heavenly Father is keeping me in so quiet and blessed a frame of mind, that I do feel ready to say, Here I am Lord, take me now, if it seemeth good unto Thee. And do Thou bless and keep my dearest husband and children till we all meet in Thy heavenly kingdom. If spared and restored, yet for a season, to my dear family, O Lord, may it be for their good. Bring them all to Thyself."

Again:—"It is a fortnight to-day since my heavenly Father laid me so low and weak, and when I wrote the enclosed pencil note. I would not lose it. It tells of the loving-kindness and faithfulness of Israel's God. In His great mercy, He has made me a little stronger since. And now, I would copy out a passage in Dr Doddridge's *Life*, which I have enjoyed, expressing as it so literally does my own blessed experience; and I do it with all humility, adoring only the grace of God, which has wrought it in me. He says, 'It is a blessed thing to live above the fear of death, and I praise God I fear it not. I am not suffered once to lose my hope. My confidence is, not that I have lived such or such a life, or served God in this or the other manner; I know of no prayer I ever offered,

no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that, instead of recommending me to the favour of God, I needed His pardon, through Christ, for the same. Yet He hath enabled me in sincerity to serve Him. If I might be honoured to do good, and my heavenly Father might see His poor child attempting, though feebly and imperfectly, to serve Him, and meet with His approving eye and commending sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant,"—this my soul regarded, and was most solicitous for. I have no hope in what I have been or done. Yet I am full of confidence, and this is my confidence: there is a Hope set before me; I have fled, I still fly to that Hope. In Him I trust, in Him I have strong consolation, and shall assuredly be accepted in this Beloved of my soul. The spirit of adoption is given me, enabling me to cry, Abba, Father. I have no doubt of my being a child of God, and that life, and death, and all my present exercises are directed in mercy by my adored heavenly Father."

She evidently knew whom she had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which she had committed to Him against that day. It was the strong wine of assurance that sustained and comforted her soul. Amidst outward trials,

and all the weakness and pain of long sickness, she was enabled, through grace, to live habitually in the heart-gladdening consciousness that she was God's own child, in the full assurance that Christ was hers, and that she was His, and that at last heaven was to be her eternal home. Resting on Christ, and being satisfied with Him, she enjoyed "quietness and assurance for ever."

"I bless the Christ of God,
I rest on love divine,
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.

"I praise the God of grace,
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

"'Tis He who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because He lives.

"My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day."

"SURELY GOODNESS AND MERCY SHALL FOLLOW ME
ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE; AND I WILL DWELL IN THE
HOUSE OF THE LORD FOR EVER."

CHAPTER X.

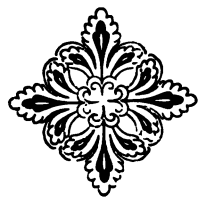
Home at Last.

"AS FOR ME, I WILL BEHOLD THY FACE IN RIGHTEOUSNESS; I
SHALL BE SATISFIED, WHEN I AWAKE, WITH THY LIKENESS."

—Ps. xvii. 15.

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes
Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;—
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I cannot die.


"When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above."





CHAPTER X.

Home at Last.

“OW little it matters,” she once wrote to a friend, “whether our years here are many or few, if we can look up and see by faith the place which Jesus Himself has prepared for us, in those happy mansions above where He dwells. If we are once truly united to Him, we shall never be separated from Him. He will continue to be our all throughout eternity; and how delightful it will be at last to be lost in His love!”

“Yes, when the storm of life is calm'd,
The dreary desert past,
Our way-worn hearts shall find in Thee
Their full repose at last.

“So closely are we link'd in love,
So wholly one with Thee,
That all Thy bliss and glory then
Our bright reward shall be.”

This was now very soon to be realized by her in all its fulness. Her earthly course was fast drawing to a close. The great Refiner was quickly making her meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.

In the beginning of January 1864, her little boy, who had been laid so low, having considerably recovered, and her own strength being for the time somewhat improved, she writes:—

“*Bournemouth, 10th January 1864.*—‘Bless the Lord, O my soul.’ Our dear boy got on his clothes again last week; the others all well, and myself having a new encouragement to ask and expect at least a measure of restoration. Lord, deliver me from unbelieving prayers; oh help mine unbelief! ‘Open Thy mouth *wide*, and I will fill it.’ Give me grace to hear this Thine own word, and to obey it. I know I am not straitened in Thee. Lord, Thou art ‘rich in mercy’ and satisfiest our desires ‘liberally.’ But, oh, I am often straitened in asking, and I confess with shame and sorrow, how guilty I am in dishonouring Thee with unbelieving prayers, not expecting the answer. My great and good Physician ever liveth, and to Him my oft bowed-down sin-sick soul must go. He will heal me.” And soon He did. He was not forsaking the work of His own hands.

In a very little He perfected that which concerned her.

The above is the last record which her note-book contains. The "new encouragement to ask and expect some measure of restoration" was not of long continuance. For a time, it had seemed as if the mild climate of Bournemouth were indeed to be made useful for the end so much desired. She had been able, at first, to get out either to walk or drive, in some of the well sheltered parts, almost every day. But about Christmas a change for the worse began to appear; and in the end of January she was seized with a severe attack of bronchitis, which, in her already exhausted and enfeebled state, laid her thoroughly prostrate. After ten days of much suffering, the extreme severity of the attack passed, and, for two or three weeks, it seemed as if she were to rise above it. On the 2d March, however, she became suddenly worse, and on that day, her kind medical attendant, Dr Falls, intimated to her husband that, in his opinion, she had not now strength left to rally.

In answer to her own inquiries, she was made aware, in the gentlest manner possible, of the opinion which had been expressed, and it was with the greatest composure that the intimation was received. She was not in the least alarmed or ex-

cited, as if taken by surprise, or requiring to search about for some solid foundation on which to rest. The thought of death, and its probable nearness, was quite familiar to her. The work of setting her house in order was not to begin. The great question of her state before God had been conclusively settled long ago, and now it was with the greatest calmness that she returned to her room, and lay down to die,—having nothing to do but to die. She said she was so happy and relieved; she just felt as if she had come into a palace; and, amidst all her weakness and pain, she enjoyed no small pleasure in looking out on the green fir trees, and in listening to the birds singing among the branches, which she could not help regarding as God's little messengers, sent to cheer her sick room with their music.

On the evening of that same day, a letter was received from Miss A——, Edinburgh, telling of the happy death of her sister. It spoke of the calm confidence which the departed one had experienced from a simple trust in the precious blood of Christ, and it mentioned two texts which had been peculiarly precious to her: Psalm lxii. 5, "My soul, wait thou *only* upon God, for my expectation is from Him;" and Psalm lxviii. 28, "Thy God hath commanded thy strength." The experience of her friend was very much her own, and she felt greatly

refreshed when these things were read to her. She particularly remarked it, as another token of the Lord's great goodness and mercy to her, that He had caused that letter to come just on the very day when she had been made aware, that soon she too was to pass through the dark valley.

The rest of her time was perfect peace. It was one continuous scene of bright, unbroken sunshine. The blessed light from heaven, which had begun to dawn upon her soul twenty years before, had seemed to gather in ever increasing brightness, and now the evening time was the brightest of all. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

She enjoyed exceedingly a hymn, entitled "A Quiet Mind," which a kind friend had brought to her,—

"I have a treasure which I prize;
Its like I cannot find:
There's nothing like it on the earth;—
'Tis this—a QUIET MIND.
"But 'tis not that I'm stupified,
Or senseless, dull, or blind;
'Tis God's own peace within my heart,
Which forms my QUIET MIND.
"I found this treasure at the cross:
And there to every kind
Of weary, heavy-laden souls,
Christ gives a QUIET MIND.

"The love of God within my breast,
My heart to Him doth bind;
This is the peace of heaven on earth—
This is my QUIET MIND."

Being extremely quick and sensitive in her feelings, never able to bear up under severe pain, she had made it a special prayer that, if it were God's will, she might be spared that trial; and that she might have patience to endure what He was pleased to send. In this the Lord very fully granted her request. One day she said:—"God is dealing very tenderly with me. I am just lying here in the arms of Jesus. I have no pain, but am gradually growing weaker and weaker, and then I'll fall asleep in Jesus. Blessed sleep! not to be broken or disturbed with coughing or pain, waiting the resurrection morning, when 'them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.'" And then she added, "I am all ready, just waiting for Jesus to come and call me, saying, 'Come up hither.'" And on her husband returning to her room, she repeated to him a verse, which she said she had been making when alone:—

I have washed and put on my attire,
Made white in the blood of the Lamb;
And tell me what more I require,
All guilty and vile though I am.

On Sabbath the 6th March, as her husband was leaving to go to preach, she repeated with much earnestness the 8th verse of the 26th Psalm, "Lord I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth;" and remarked how often she had delighted to go "with the voice of joy and praise, with the multitude that kept holyday;" but that now it was the will of her Father in heaven that she should just lie there. This was the only occasion on which, during these three weeks, a tear was observed to gather in her eye.

In the afternoon of that same day, Mrs Shipton's hymn, entitled "The Invitation," was read to her. She liked it so much, and entered so thoroughly into all the feelings and sentiments expressed in it, that she adopted it as her own last parting message to a number of relatives and friends whom she named, and to whom she told her husband to give a copy of it with her love; also to each of the children of the Sabbath school at home. The following are the first and last verses:—

"I have a Friend, a precious Friend, unchanging, wise, and true;
The chief among ten thousand! Oh! I wish *you* knew Him too!

Encompassed with a host of foes, weary in heart and limb,
I know who waits to soothe my woe; have you a Friend like
Him?

He comforts me, He strengthens me: how can I then repine?
He loveth me! This faithful Friend in life and death is mine.

"Oh leave the worthless things you seek, they perish in a day;
Serve now the true and living God, from idols turn away;
Watch for the Lord who comes to reign; enter the open door;
Give Him thy heart—thy broken heart—thou'lt ask it back
no more.

Trust Him for grace, and strength, and love, and all thy
troubles end;

Oh come to Jesus, and behold in Him my loving Friend."

When the words, "thou'lt ask it back no more" were read, she laid her hand on her heart and said, "Ah, that is true." Like an aged Christian, whose words we find copied into one of her note-books, she could say of Jesus, "He was my morning joy, and He is now my evening song."

She said she never much liked the children's hymn which speaks of this earth as "a desert drear." She thought that a wrong impression to give the young, and said, "God has left in this world much that is bright and beautiful; and had He been pleased to say the word for me to get better, and to serve Him a little longer here, I would have been very happy to do it, but if He says 'Come up hither,' I'll be glad to do that too."

Another day she remarked, "I am not weary of life. If God had been pleased to bless the means and to raise me up, I would have been very happy to have lived with you a while longer, to train up our little family for Him; but it is the will of God to cut me off in the midst of my days, and 'good is the will of the Lord.' I am quite delighted to go. And when at last all is quiet and still, and I am gone, let your first words be praise."

All this was said as calmly, as if she had only been speaking of going into the adjoining room. In the words of Dr Bonar she could sing:—

"I'm returning, not departing;
My steps are homeward bound.
I quit the land of strangers,
For a home on native ground.

"I am rising, and not setting;
This is not night but day.
Not in darkness, but in sunshine,
Like a star, I fade away.

"All is well with me for ever;
I do not fear to go.
My tide is but beginning
Its bright eternal flow.

"Jesus, Thou wilt receive me,
And welcome me above,
This sunshine, which now fills me,
Is Thine own smile of love."

One day, when a friend had been expressing the hope that she might yet be restored somewhat, she replied, "I have no hope whatever of that. I would rather go; I am quite ready and willing to go. I have no raptures, but am just resting on the precious blood and all-sufficient merits of my Saviour, and He gives me solid peace; it is His own gift. He says, 'My peace I give unto you.'

'Jesus, I know, has died and lives,—

On this firm rock I build.'

I bless Him, too, that He is not suffering me to have a single cloud or doubt of any kind. The enemy has not once annoyed me, as he does some of God's children. But 'to die is gain;' and when I come to walk through the dark valley, let nothing but God's own word, some of the precious promises. be repeated to me from time to time."

And then referring to the happy death of her sister in India, and looking brightly upwards, she added, "Yes, and I too can leave all my dear ones to go to be with Jesus, my precious Saviour; and pray that, if it be His will, I may not linger long." She suffered much from an incessant thirst, and on one occasion, she remembered, and repeated with much feeling, the saying of a dying believer, applying it to herself, "I will get a long, long drink of the water of life very soon." A few

lines on "Only Waiting" were read to her. She said "Yes, that's it, I am quite ready. He has made me ready, and I am just waiting. I greatly enjoyed what you read this morning, the 130th Psalm, and the 12th chapter of Isaiah. These are much loved precious portions to me."

In those last weeks of her earthly sojourn, after it became apparent that she was soon to leave us, one of the most remarkable things was the completeness with which she was enabled to cast every care on the Lord. The one topic which she was unable to have introduced in conversation, was that of her children, whom she was never to see in this world again. It was too trying to speak of. She silently committed them to God, casting all her care in reference to them on Him, resting assured that He would care for them. Only the youngest of her four children was beside her. She used to come up every forenoon, as she said, "to see dear mama, and to kiss her pretty white hand." One day when she was somewhat drowsy, the little one had said, "Mama, you are sleepy," and when she had left the room she said, "Ah, dear Jeanie, does not know that mama is soon to sleep the long, long sleep, the sleep of death."

A kind Christian friend who was often with her, had been reading to her a letter of Samuel Ruther-

ford's to Lady Kenmure, in which he tells her to "let her heart dwell aloof from that sweet child;" and referring to this afterwards, she said, "I was moved at that part you read this morning, about 'that sweet child.' I thought of dear, wee Jeanie. I don't think, however, I am making an idol of her. I am graciously enabled quietly to trust that the Lord will provide, and that she, and all my other dear ones, will be cared for, when I am gone. It is surprising to myself, and is it not to you, that I am enabled so fully to give them all up? It is Jesus that strengthens me to do it. And yet I cannot at all see how Mr L. will manage; and when I begin to think of that, I am just obliged to leave it, and to trust that God will provide means to relieve his cares." She told her husband not to think of the dull and desolate home to which he would be returning; that God would be his strength and support, when the hour of trial came, just as surely as He was hers then.

She frequently dictated such words as the following, to be sent to those at home:—"Mama sends a message to her dear little boys to tell them, that though she is lying very weak and ill, yet she has not much pain, and is quite happy; that Jesus is watching over her, and that she hopes they are seeking Him to bless them too, and to keep them

from all evil, and that they may walk in the love of God." And referring to a little hymn which they used to sing :—

"We know there's a bright and glorious home,
 Away in the heavens high ;
 Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell ;
 But will you be there, and I ?
 Will you be there, and I ?"

It was her special request, that, in speaking to them about her death, her husband should always teach them to think of her as gone to the "glorious home," to be for ever with Jesus.

"In robes of white, o'er the streets of gold,
 Beneath a cloudless sky,
 They walk in the light of their Father's smile ;
 But will you be there, and I ?
 Will you be there, and I ?

"From ev'ry kingdom of earth they come,
 To join the triumphal cry,
 Of 'Worthy the Lamb that once was slain ;'
 But will you be there, and I ?
 Will you be there, and I ?

"If we seek the loving Saviour now,
 And follow Him faithfully,
 When He gathers His children in that bright home,
 Then you will be there, and I ;
 Yes, you will be there, and I."

The last Sabbath she spent on earth was the Communion Sabbath at Bournemouth. After her

husband had left for church, she said to the friend who was with her, "To-day the Lord's Supper is to be administered, and I had a very sweet happy dream last night regarding it. I thought I was present in church, and partook of it with you all. I particularly observed dear Mr M'L——, and the season was one of such holy communion, that though I was conscious of being present with you, dressed just as I am now, yet no one seemed to take any notice of it. And, on awaking, I was so refreshed and happy, and for some time enjoyed such delightful peace in the near felt presence of Jesus."

She was much affected by the great Christian kindness shewn to her by many at Bournemouth; for, though a total stranger, the Lord had most graciously surrounded her with many kind and loving friends. Her sickness and death were very evidently for the glory of God there. As she lay a-dying, when they heard of the great peace and full assurance which she was privileged to enjoy, all the Lord's people in the little town seemed to become deeply interested in her case. Many kind inquiries were daily made, and many prayers were offered up, both in public and in private, on her behalf. Everything that could be thought of to benefit the dear invalid was done. Her cup was

made to run over ; and her habitual feeling was, " Bless the Lord, O my soul."

At last the closing scene came, and a most bright, blessed, triumphant one it was. It was on Friday the 25th March 1864,—the very day, as has been incidentally learned since, on which, fourteen years before, she and her husband met for the first time; and the very day also on which, twenty-one years before, one whose memory she greatly loved, and from whose Life and writings she had derived much spiritual profit, entered into his rest,—Mr M'Cheyne of Dundee. Early that morning she remembered that it was Good Friday, and in allusion to it being the day observed as that on which Jesus died, looking up, she calmly said to her husband, " Perhaps I'll die to-day too." And very soon it became apparent that her end was near.

As the morning advanced, short prayers were offered, and at intervals some appropriate Scripture promises were quoted. When that full, clear, simple statement of gospel truth in 1 Tim. i. 15 was read, " This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," her hearty response was, " That's it;" intimating that the position which, in that solemn hour, she occupied, was simply that of a lost sinner trusting in Christ.

She was lying at the foot of the cross ; or, in the words of the late David Sandeman, Missionary to China, she "was standing with her bare feet upon the Rock,"—nothing between her and Christ, and she found Him to be all-sufficient.

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
His oath, His covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

"All my theology," said the late Dr A. Alexander, Professor of Divinity, Princeton, on his death-bed, "is reduced to this narrow compass, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'" All alike,—the greatest in the kingdom as well as the least, must come to this in the end. This is a sinner's *first* confidence, and it must be his *last*.

Her mind remained perfectly calm and unclouded to the very end ; no wandering, even for a single moment. When her medical attendant called to see her, she looked up and recognised him ; and, as he left, she gave a gentle nod, by way of a last good-bye to one, for whose kindness and attention she had often expressed much gratitude.

She had now reached the brink of the "river," on the other side of which lies the Celestial City, and of which Bunyan so significantly says, "You shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place." In her case, the King was very fully believed on, and trusted in, and it was with great ease that the waters were passed through.

Shortly before her departure, in a feeble, broken utterance, she said, "I can just think of this now, 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.' 'O death, where is thy sting?' 'Thanks be to God that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" And then she added, "Death has no sting to me; oh no, it is a welcome messenger." A little after she remarked that the "valley seemed long," and clasping her pale, emaciated hands, she prayed, "Blessed Jesus, come quickly." Her last words were, "I'm in perfect peace, quite happy; Jesus makes me." As if recalling to our remembrance a favourite hymn which she used to repeat:—

"Why do you weep? I am falling asleep,
And Jesus my Shepherd is watching His sheep.
His arm is beneath me, His eye is above,
His Spirit within me says, 'Rest in my love.
With blood I have bought thee and washed thee from sin,
With care I have brought thee My fold to be in;
Refreshed by still waters, in green pastures led,
Thy day has gone by, I am making thy bed.'"

And then at eleven o'clock that morning, just as the church bells ceased calling the worshippers to the sanctuary below, in answer to her last prayer, Jesus came and called her to join the great multitude, which no man can number, before the throne of God in the sanctuary above. Without a struggle or a groan, but only one or two deep drawn sighs, she gently passed away, and entered into Life Eternal. In a triumph of faith, she departed "to be with Christ, which is far better."

"Just as the city Sabbath-bells pealed out,
She cross'd the threshold in her Shepherd's arms,
To praise with temple worshippers white-robed—
In the assembly of the glorified!"

And as her pale wasted body lay before us, now all quiet, and still, and motionless, in the deep long sleep of death, we seemed to hear a voice from heaven saying, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth;" and, according to her own express desire, praise was offered, though with faltering voice, and God was glorified for all the grace, and mercy, and peace, which, from the first, He had been pleased to grant, and for thus, at last, so signally giving her the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. The precious gift which, for a little while, God had graciously bestowed, He had now seen fit to recall; and from our inmost

soul we could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." Like her beloved sister in India, "an entrance was ministered unto her abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives," and, though far separated, both as to time and place, yet "in their death they were not divided."

On hearing of her death, the Rev. John Baillie, (author of "Memoir of Hewitson"), under whose ministry she used to sit, and who knew her well, wrote:—"I am not surprised to hear that her departure was so calm and happy, and that to her the 'valley' was not dark, but lighted with a heavenly sunshine. I do remember well her holy and self-denying walk, and how meekly and joyfully she bore after Jesus the cross which he had laid down for her to take up and carry. 'Meekness of wisdom,' in circumstances peculiarly trying, was a characteristic of her Christian life which peculiarly struck me. Looking back at this distance of time, through a vista occupied by many and varied scenes, I seem to see her gentle and loving, yet firm and decisive mien, rising before me with an attractiveness all its own. The details have very much faded away from memory, but the

broad, 'living epistle' can never fade. I am sure you must feel deeply the sore blank left in your circle; but her present joy is another link in the golden chain of love binding us to the 'blessed hope' of His appearing, who cometh quickly to gather together His scattered saints. I wish I had known you were at Bournemouth this last spring; for, being myself at Ryde, I should so gladly have gone to see you; and a great joy to me it would have been to hold, once more with that dear saint, a brief converse before she went upward."

We add, as peculiarly expressive of her own feelings and desires, the dying request of one from the record of whose life and experience she derived great spiritual benefit in her earlier days:—"If anything is thought desirable to be said of one whom the Lord looked upon, loved, forgave, blessed, and dealt with so wondrously, oh may the preacher remember to show how Christ was *all* in her nothingness; how He blessed her in spite of herself; how He would fill the emptiest with His own fullness, that He might have all the glory; how He came unto one who could do nothing but sin against, and forget, and turn away from Him; and constrained her by His gentleness, by the rod of His discipline, and by His loving hand, which took from her what her earthly mind would have desired

and chosen as her portion ; constrained her to cry 'Draw me, I will run after Thee;' constrained her to follow, kept her in the way, and then finished the work, which was thus entirely His own, by giving her the glory which He had with His Father, and which in love He bestows on sinners for whom He died. To Christ will be all the glory in heaven ; and oh let it be given to Him on earth !"*

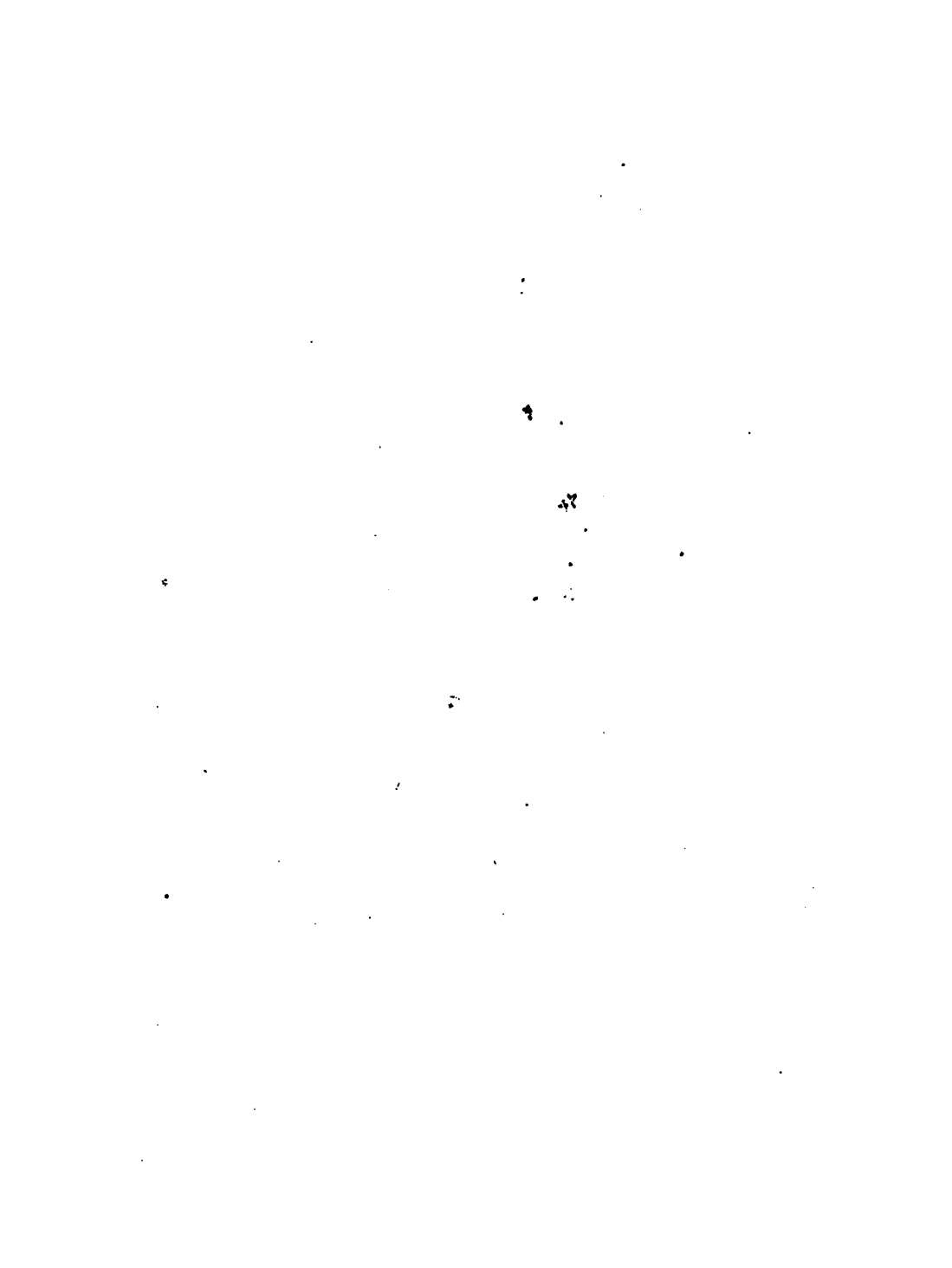
Her remains have their last resting-place in the beautiful churchyard of St Peter's, at Bournemouth, looking out on the English Channel and the high white cliffs of the Isle of Wight ; in a choice corner, surrounded by the tall pines, and rich shady evergreens, which grow in such luxuriance there. And as we "committed her body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," we felt how truly in her case it was "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself;" when—

"THEM ALSO WHICH SLEEP IN JESUS WILL GOD
BRING WITH HIM." —1 THESS. IV. 14.

* "Memorials of Two Sisters."

- "I shine in the light of God ;
His likeness stamps my brow ;
Through the valley of death my feet have trod,
And I reign in glory now !
- "I have reach'd the joys of heaven ;
I am one of the sainted band ;
For my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.
- "I have learn'd the song they sing,
Whom Jesus has set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.
- "Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky ?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war,
And the storms of conflict die ?
- "Then why should your tears run down,
And your hearts be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven ?"





1. 2. 3.

